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The Bucks County Gazette.

VOL. V—NO. 2. BRISTOL, BUCKS COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 16, 1877. WHOLE NO. 210.

FAILED.

A POEM OF HARD TIMES.

BY PHILLIPS THOMPSON.

Failed! Jim Miserton failed! You don't mean to say its so?
Had it from Smith, at the bank? Well, he's a man that should know,
Forty-two cents on the dollar? I cannot believe my ears,
There's no such thing as judging a man by the way he appears.

Yes, the times *are* hard—so Miserton's gone with the rest,
Though he was down A1 in the lying Mercantile Test.
He whom every one thought the soundest and strongest of all,
Floating on worthless paper the whole of the summer and fall.

Yes, you may well say "failed!" there's more than the term implies,
When all there is of a man in a hopeless ruin lies.
To come after twenty years of a stubborn up-hill strife,
It isn't a business smash so much as a failure in life.

Gold was always his god—he'd nothing else in his soul;
Money, for money's sake, was ever his ultimate goal.
A "self-made man" they styled him, for low and poor he began;
But now his money has vanished, and what is left of the man?

When he was only a youth he was saving, and scheming, and smart,
Had every one of old Ben. Franklin's maxims by heart,
Bound to rise in the world, and with merchant princes to rank;
Every cent he could scrape he would salt right down in the bank.

"What on earth is the use," Jim often to me would say,
"Of fooling on concerts and sleigh-rides your hard-earned money away,
Where's the profit of pleasure and vain expensive delights,
Better work extra time and quit running around at nights."

So he would save and stint just to add to his hoarded pelf;
Hard he was upon others, but just as hard on himself;
Never would ask nor give, and neither would borrow nor lend;
Never went out of his way to do a good turn for a friend.

He had no eye for beauty, for literature no taste;
Buying pictures or books he counted a shameful waste,
Nothing he cared for art or the poet's elaborate rhymes;
His soul was only attuned to the musical jingle of dimes.

Selfish, exacting, and stern, a hand he would treat like a slave;
Long were his hours of toil, and scanty the pay that he gave;
Made of cast iron himself, his soul in the struggle for gold
Left him no pity to spare for those of a different mould.

Never a cent for the poor, for the naked never a stitch:
"'Twas all their fault, he would say, they should save like him, and grow rich
Now and then to a church he'd forward a liberal amount,
Duly set down in his books to the advertising account.

So he succeeded, of course, and piled his coffers with wealth,
Missing pleasures and culture, losing vigor and health;
Now he's down at the bottom, exactly where he began;
Even his gold has vanished, and what is left of the man?

A self-made man, indeed! then we owe no honor to such;
The genuine self-made man you cannot honor too much;
But be sure what you make is a man—with a heart, and a soul, and a mind,
Not merely a pile of dollars, that goes, leaving nothing behind.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

His Presence in London—The Honor and Attention Shown Him.

M. D. Conway writes as follows from London to the Cincinnati *Commercial*:

It is a somewhat striking fact that the most distinguished American now receiving attention in London should be William Lloyd Garrison. In old anti-slavery times I remember that Mr. A. Bronson Alcott said in one of his "conversations" that though, in a pending canvass, the country might elect Mr. A. or Mr. B., it would not alter the fact that Almighty God had already elected William Lloyd Garrison President of the United States, and whoever went to the White House would only be Garrison's agent. The anti-slavery President was never completely satisfied by any factotum of his in Washington, I believe, yet no doubt he now believes that his work was done in the only way possible. Last evening, in conversation with him, he told me that though he had been several times in London before, he never saw the place until now; he never imagined how large it was, nor entered into its various interests in the many months he passed here formerly half so much as in this one week. The cause is not far to seek, I suspect; when Garrison came here in former years, he could see nothing but his cause. Waking or sleeping, his vision and his dream were filled only by his negro emancipation; how could he be interested in art galleries, buildings, social enjoyments? He passed his time consulting with Quakers, radicals and the like. One or two aristocrats he met in those days, among others Sir Fowell Buxton, who expressed astonishment at not finding Garrison a black man. In those days it was part of the old abolitionist leader's work to execrate Presidents. But now he is here enjoying London along with an ex-President of whom he has approved. However, he has declined all large parties and dinners, for though in fair health he is aged and cannot stand late dinners. He has mingled a good deal with his old friends, but many of them he finds represented by their sons and daughters—to whom, however, he has the name most honored in their household traditions. The Ashursts, Stansfelds, Taylors and Bigges, the circle that so long gathered around Mazzini, are paying him the most cordial attention and homage. When Garrison came here long ago young Ashurst and Stansfeld sat in Exeter Hall, pounding the floor in their enthusiasm at the emancipator's eloquence; now one is Right Hon. M. P. and ex-Minister, the other Post Office Solicitor, and can bring around the old man some of the best liberal company in London. Garrison consented to make a speech at a Woman's Franchise meeting the other evening, and, old as he is, he made the speech of the evening. It was a meeting well represented by Nationalists. Duncan Maclaren, M. P., who is very Scotch, presided; Lady Talbot, who is very Irish, spoke; but the fire blazed out from the gray-haired American, and he went a step beyond all the radicalism of his country by suggesting that there should be a Woman's Parliament, a sentiment which so pleased the young ladies present that the venerable Maclaren was constrained to remark that such a Parliament was not yet included in the programme of their movement. Mr. Garrison, who is accompanied by his youngest son—a very intelligent youth—is going next Saturday to Leeds, and will not see London again. At Leeds he will visit his old friend and comrade, George Thompson. That once leading orator is now very infirm, and the meeting between these veteran warriors for a philanthropic cause will no doubt be to both the chief *souvenir* of their declining days. Mr. Garrison will also visit the Clarkes—Mrs. C. is John Bright's daughter—in Rochdale; and he will also visit Newcastle-on-Tyne, where he has some old friends, and where the citizens desire to give him a public reception. Mr. Garrison, though he comes to an English generation which knows him chiefly by name and fame alone, comes at a time when a new interest has been excited in him and the agitation he so long led, by the publication of Harriet Martineau's Autobiography. "Garrison," says Miss Martineau, "will be recognized hereafter not only as at present, as the Moses of the enslaved race, leading them out of their captivity, but as more truly the founder of the Republic than Washington himself." Mr. Garrison, though for some years he has been inclined to the optimist view of American affairs, freely expresses his uneasiness at the withdrawal of troops from the South, and fears that it will be impossible in any future election to secure an unintimidated negro vote; the next President he thinks, must be a Democrat, and the future is not without danger. His English friends are inclined to think that there are some things irreversible, and among these the verdict of the United States Republic against Slavery.

Miss Anna M. Lea, of Philadelphia, whose picture of "The Patrician's Mother," in the Centennial Exhibition, has attracted so much attention, and to whom was awarded, by the judges one of the thirteen medals, has accepted an invitation from Lord Dufferin, Governor-General of Canada, to visit Ottawa and paint a portrait of Lady Dufferin.

From the Woman's Journal.

A LEAF FROM A LIFE.

To find the sympathy which I crave outside the home-circle, is the motive which prompts me to lay before my readers this story of my life.

When, at the age of twenty-three, I was married, I had less real knowledge of the world than have many children of ten or twelve years.

"There was a time, sweet time, of youthful folly."

I had not yet out-lived it. I believed that all were "born free and equal," and that she who could justly respect herself, might command the respect of all. I had yet to learn, that this life is, with many, merely a scramble for wealth and position; and they are not few who are ready, for these, to sacrifice anything which a true soul holds sacred.

Soon after our marriage the small capital my husband had invested in leasing and stocking a farm, was lost. I had married a poor man; we were now poorer, and I soon found that whatever was my own opinion of my merits, I was over-looked and slighted, until I gladly buried myself in the seclusion of home.

Our life for some years was unsettled. We moved about from place to place; not willingly, but urged by stern necessity. Occasionally we came in contact with those who met us with true kindness, and who delicately expressed their sympathy, in which our grateful hearts saw the token that "God will remember the world." I can but wish that those noble souls might know how long we cherish the remembrance of their kindness. I learned at last, or thought I did, that, though no fault of ours, we were completely outcast from the society to which we were accustomed. To woman's work, I had an aversion, and as I was not very quick at either housework or sewing, could not have earned my salt at either of these had I loved it ever so well. My husband was an industrious and energetic man; and guiltless of the pernicious habits of liquor drinking and the use of tobacco; but, for many years, had been sick much of the time.

I could not see my husband struggling, day by day, in the attempt to perform tasks beyond his strength, without trying to help him. Soon it became quite a common matter for me to help him in the field, as he had long helped me in the house. I had not, however, at the time of our marriage the slightest intention of helping to support the family. I was, in this respect, a full believer in the "Sphere" doctrine. But while watching him at labor, I soon became interested in work and in the method of performing it. I began also to consider that it was at least no harm to know how to do it myself. Finally, it has become my first object in life to put my own strong shoulders to the wheel, and to save my husband from the consequences of over-work.

Is it not worth while to do all things well if possible? I learned to mow,—as our neighbors remarked—"quite gracefully." I remember that summer, mowing clover which had "lodged badly" at high noon, with the thermometer at ninety-five in the shade; getting over-heated and afterward going into hysterics on the haymow, while engaged in pitching hay. My husband entreated me to stop working, but I replied: "If I do who will help you. You cannot do this alone, and it must be done."

Hard work is not so hard now as then. For then I worked with desperation, which is trying to the nerves. That summer we made nearly ten tons of hay, cutting eight tons of it with our own hands.

Time passed on, with varying, but, on the whole, improving fortunes, till we came here four years ago. We took a tract of wild land on the seashore, built a small house and barn, and began to clear the land. It was on the first of December, when with our two little ones, I entered for the first time, our new home. My husband had met us at the station with a pale, haggard face; and when the waiting-room was deserted, he threw his arms around me, and leaned his weary head on my shoulder, while the tears he was too unnerved to repress, flooded his eyes. He told me he was afraid I should be dreadfully discouraged when I should see the house; it was scarcely habitable; he had done all he could, but he did not know how we were to manage. If his strong courage failed, I felt that surely I must be strong; but my heart did indeed feel heavy. After a cold, and inexpressibly dreary ride of a few miles, we reached the house. Save a few articles, our furniture had not yet arrived, although it did soon afterwards. It was on that gloomy winter's day a most uninviting scene. There was not a door to any of the rooms, while the plastering was as wet as if the mason's trowel had just left it. There was not a shelf whereon to put anything, nor a hook to hang upon; to crown my discomfort, my head began to ache severely.

Despite all, the furniture arrived, and by ten o'clock that night the place really looked quite comfortable and home-like.

We put up our beds in the room where the stove was, and kept a fire in it all night; which we continued to do until the walls were dry. Neither the children nor I took colds, nor were we sick in any way. My husband was still more feeble than he had been, but, as I believe, entirely in consequence of over-work.

We had been here about a fortnight when our horse died. There had been so much to do about the house and barn that we had, as yet, no fuel at the door. Each day enough only had been prepared to last until the next; so, when the horse died, we were not prepared for the winter. There was no wood save hard-pine near the house, and that was green, and growing. Do you know what it is to burn, or try to burn, green hard-pine? I know of no trial which will give a better opportunity for the exercise of patience, and freely confess that mine failed to stand that taste.

To get green oak, and the dry dead limbs of trees, it was necessary to go an eighth of a mile or more. After cutting and trimming, these were laid upon a wheelbarrow; my husband took hold of the shafts, while I grasped a rope which was fastened on either side near the wheel, and thus—he pushing, I pulling—we managed to get our load home. But when the snow came and covered the ground quite deep, it became excessively hard labor; and it was not long before my husband's health and strength failed so entirely that he could no longer help; and I was then obliged to go to the woods alone to do what I could. After awhile we managed to get two men to chop a part of day, and then I had only to bring the wood home.

With my husband I have cut wood, drawn it, grubbed the roots from new land, carted stone, dug wells, burnt brush, helped plant and dig potatoes, and sowed and harvested other crops, and have done, little or much, nearly every variety of farm work. Yet at the age of twenty-four, my muscles were as undeveloped as is usual in young women. In view of what I have been able to accomplish, I wonder what my muscular power might have been had I commenced earlier in life. Not that I am inclined to boast of my physical strength, only it shows what a woman may do, if it be necessary.

The following summer, my husband made two or three traps for catching lobsters; and, near the last of the season, took time sufficient to bait and set them. He was successful in catching a number of fine ones, which, after boiling, he regarded thoughtfully. After a while he remarked, "They would bring us something, if we could find a market for them." I replied that I was sure I could sell them in the village. But he was equally sure that it was impossible for me to do it. However, at last he consented that I should make the attempt.

At the first house where I called, I went to the front door and rang the bell. A gentleman came to the door.

"Will you send in your card?" he asked.

"It is unnecessary," I replied; "I have called to see if the ladies would like some lobsters."

He returned to the room at the further end of the hall, and, opening the door, announced in rather a loud voice:

"There is a lady at the door with lobsters."

This declaration was received with a "Haw, haw, haw!" a loud, coarse, horse-laugh, which shook me like a whirlwind; but I had resolved to do or die, and I persevered.

The result of the sale was one dollar and sixty cents, and a feeling of happiness, a sense of power, which fully compensated me for the unpleasant beginning of the task. But, after my first experience, I habitually called at people's back doors.

The next season—having made preparations to do so—we carried on the catching, boiling and peddling of lobsters. The selling I attended to myself, while my husband performed the multifarious duties at home, which required the expenditure of more muscle than the selling of lobsters.

During the summer months, the nearest village is quite a resort for people from the city; so, meeting with no competition, we were quite successful, and lobsters were in great demand. Here, where I was now become known, I was uniformly met with kindness and civility. Occasionally, when my stock was larger than usual, and more than can be disposed of near home, I extended my journeys to a neighboring town and city. At one house where I called, a gentleman came to the door, and, when my business was made known, stared at me wildly, like one who feared he was about to lose his senses, and gasped, "W-h-a-t!" I repeated my question, when he finally succeeded in replying in the negative; but, as he retreated into the house, his countenance was a "sight to behold." One man asked me "if all the men were dead where I came from?" &c., but it is rarely that I have been treated with disrespect, by man or woman.

On a quiet, respectable street in the city, I saw three ladies conversing together. I heard one of them say, "Here she comes now!" and then a tall lady, of commanding presence exclaimed, "I am proud of you! to see you going about your business, and not afraid to lead your horse in the street. I believe in equal rights." I learned afterward that this lady is a well-known speaker and writer on Woman's Rights and kindred subjects.

I also met a young lady, who expressively remarked that she "gloried in my spunk."

Nor have expressions of approbation from the other sex been wholly wanting. One man told me that "He wished he had a wife as smart as I!" He did not state whether he had one at the time who was not "smart" enough, or whether he had none at all. Others uttered commendations in my presence, but did not address them directly to me. The Irish servants seemed to find the most difficulty in deciding how to rank me; by occupation being one they would scorn to engage in, while the courtesy which I received from the master and mistress seemed to make it likely that, after all, I must be somebody.

On one occasion I had driven to the door, or would have done so but for a wheelbarrow which barred the way. A man, called John, who was employed as servant on the place, spoke to me, not harshly but roughly, and ordered me to "Wait!" Presently the gentleman of the house, who must have overheard this, came out, and after removing the barrow with his own hands, waited until I came nearer, and then proceeded to select some lobsters. While thus engaged, my horse began to nibble at the grass by the side of the avenue. John complained, "Your horse is gnawing the grass!" Said Mr. ———:

"John, she can't help it; you go around, and hold the horse's head."

From that time I have had nothing but civility from John.

The second summer a man in the village commenced business in opposition to my trade, but soon gave it up. The third, another tried to get my customers away by underselling me, and continued to sell the past summer. Of course, I lost some trade, as he had the advantage of being on the ground, while I came from three miles away, but three times each week; still this was hardly so aggravating as it was for him to remark to one of my customers, "Darn that lobster woman, she cuts into my trade like sixty!"

I have sold besides lobsters, also clams, fowl of all kinds, fresh fish, fresh pork, veal, and vegetables of our own raising. We are far, very far, from being even moderately rich, but the light of hope, which for many years has sent from the far distance, but a faint and fitful ray, comes nearer to our struggling souls: and shows to us a home, where every reasonable want may be gratified.

My husband's health has improved, and we have three birdies in the home nest to love and cherish. Otherwise we are alone; so far away from society, that unless called away on business, (which at this season is rarely), we see no one for weeks at a time.

Kind as I find them, when I come on business, the fact that I am engaged in such a calling, seems to build a barrier between me and others. This was once illustrated in a way that amused me. One day on my return from the city, I encountered a young lady who is employed in a saloon in the village. Knowing she had far to walk, I asked if she would like to ride; she accepted my offer quite gratefully. As we entered the village, I asked, "Is it here you would like to get out?" when to my surprise she replied,

"O no! I am much obliged for the ride."

Her answer puzzled me, until she came to alight, which was near the high school, just as the scholars were coming out; when she alighted, and without bidding me good day, or uttering a single word, hurried away, seemingly anxious to avoid observation. I would not write this about her, did I believe that her eye might ever chance to rest upon it; but I am inclined to believe but few of that sort ever read the *Woman's Journal*.

You may now understand that while I do hope my story may help some struggling sister woman to freedom, to dare do right, despite the penalty, it has also become a necessity to unburden my mind, for I am possessed with longing for womanly love and sympathy.

THE LAND OF BURNS.

A Visit to the Town of Ayr—The Kitchen Where the Poet was Born—Tam O'Shanter's Ride.

A correspondent of the London *Railway News* thus refers to the place where the poet Burns was born, and where the scenes of some of his most popular writings are to be found:

"Arriving at this spot it is a little disappointing to find that the birth-place of genius is part of a 'change-house,' or public house. The actual drinking does not however take place in the kitchen, where Burns was born, nor in the other original room of the house. The kitchen remains much as it was on the rude January morning in 1759 when Burns first saw the light. The recessed bed-place still contains a bed, a low wooden 'dresser' runs along the wall under the plate-rack, and the old projecting fireplace, wide and cheerful, with swinging iron hook on which pots and kettles are slung, remain as much as in Burn's day. The little four-paned window, which alone lighted the room then, is aided by a larger window now knocked out to the road. The 'public' room connects with the 'best room,' and a fourth apartment has been added, so that the two original rooms can be freely visited. The house belongs to the Shoemakers' Corporation in Ayr, a body which no doubt reckoned 'Souter Johnnie' among its members. A little way down the road we come to the ruins of Alloway Kirk, with its little graveyard full of memorials of persons whom Burns has made known to fame. The old road passes to south of the kirk, and by it Tam O'Shanter rode on that memorable night, approaching to look into the kirk by a little window in the wall, placed exactly at such a height that Tam, on his gray mare Meg, could look in upon the wonderful sight. To one who is sufficiently curious, all terrifying places passed by Tam before he reached the kirk can be discovered, and at a short distance, overlooked by a graceful cenotaph to the memory of Burns, is seen the old and characteristic Brig o'Doon, which the witches could not cross. Shanter, it may be mentioned, is the name of a farm not far from Ayr. In the monument to Burns are to be found the usual display of memorials in views, &c., and from it open upper *cella* a very picturesque view all around is to be abtained.

Returning to Ayr after seeing all that this immediate locality has to show, we visited the Auld Brig, which is still as strong as ever, though its steep sides and unkempt pavement are only now used for foot passenger traffic. A furlong nearer the sea we observe all that still stands of the New Brig, regarding which Burns, in his well-known colloquial poem of the "Brigs of Ayr," makes the Auld Brig utter the prophecy, now in process of fulfillment:

'I'll be a brig when ye're a shapeless cairn!'

The New Brig, handsome in its way, and with sculpture in the niches of its abutments, began to show signs of the fulfillment of prophecy some little time ago. It has been shored up, and the parapet, as well as part of the masonry, has been removed to lighten the weight of its tottering limbs. In the town of Ayr is shown the house where Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnnie sat drinking prior to the Alloway Kirk adventure; the chair Tam sat in, and the mug he drank out of, going with the house, which is still a place for the refreshment of man and beast."

Mr. Murat Halstead lately dined at the house of one of those "new rich" people who make a point of regaling their visitors with information concerning the cost of articles in their domicils. When they strolled into the drawing-room, after dinner, the host stopped before a cabinet of rare workmanship, and said, "Now, Mr. Halstead, I guarantee you can't tell me what that cost." "No," said Mr. Halstead, seating himself on a chair as though prepared to settle there—"no; but I'll be bound you can!"

DANIEL WEBSTER'S FAMILY.

On the twenty-fourth of June, 1808, Mr. Webster married Grace Fletcher, daughter of the Rev. Elijah Fletcher, of Hopkintown. This lady was then twenty-seven years of age, and, after nearly twenty years of married life, died on the twenty-first day of January, 1828.

Of the children of this marriage, Grace, the oldest, died in January, 1817. Daniel Fletcher, usually called Fletcher, was born on the twenty-third of July, 1813. He married Miss Caroline Joy, at that time considered one of the great attractions of Boston society. Of their children, Grace died in infancy, and another daughter, Mrs. Dale, is now a widow, and lives at Marshfield when not abroad. Their only son, Ashburn, is living with his widowed mother on the family homestead at Marshfield, alternating his residence at home with the pursuit of his studies in Boston. It was at the homestead that Mr. Webster died, the twenty-fourth of October, 1852.

Fletcher survived his father for nearly ten years. On the outbreak of the civil war he led the Twelfth Massachusetts Volunteers, under the Union flag, and on the twenty-ninth of August, 1862, fell in the course of the engagement near the old battle-field of Bull Run.

Julia, the only daughter who arrived at womanhood, was born in January, 1811. On September 24, 1839, she was married at St. George's, Hanover Square, London, to Mr. Samuel Appleton. Of this marriage four children, two sons and two daughters, were born. Both of the sons are now dead. The elder daughter was married to Mr. Armstead, and is the mother of three children. The family resides in New Jersey. The second daughter, Carrie, has had a more eventful life. She was first married to Mr. N. Edgar, a nephew of Daniel Webster's second wife. Mr. Edgar died in Paris, leaving a widow and three young children, Newbold, Webster and Constance. Some time afterward, Mrs. Edgar, an unusually beautiful and fascinating lady, contracted a second marriage with Colonel Jerome Bonaparte, of Baltimore, a nephew of the late emperor, and is now living with her husband in Paris. They have one child, Louise Eugenie, god-daughter of the Empress Eugenie, after whom she was called.

Mr. Webster's second son, Edward, was born on the twentieth of July, 1820. Entering the army, he served as Major under General Scott during the Mexican war, until sickness compelled him to return home. On the expiration of his furlough he again sought the field, and died in Mexico in his twenty-seventh year, on the twenty-fifth of January, 1847. It is thus a noteworthy fact that the two patriot sons of a patriot father should have died in the defence of their country.

In December, 1829, about two years after the death of his first wife, Mr. Webster was married to Miss Caroline Leroy, second daughter of Jacob Leroy, a rich merchant, descended from one of the oldest families of Manhattan. This lady, then a little more than thirty years of age, is now living in a pleasant home not far from Madison Square, at the patriarchal age of seventy-nine. Although led to make her home in New York in order to be among her own kindred and relatives, her face still lights up when speaking of Marshfield—"her home, her own home." Her brothers and friends call upon her very frequently, and tend her with more than fraternal care and solicitude, and her home is also occasionally enlivened by a visit from her step-grandson, Ashburn, from Marshfield. Her tastes are well reflected in her surroundings. A quiet residence, without ostentation of any kind, betokens refinement of taste and simplicity of manners, combined with the attractions supplied by affluence. A large and important item in her outlay is formed of what is given in charity. Mrs. Webster is very tall and well proportioned, with a face large and admirably balanced, a forehead of noble height and breadth, eyes dark and full of intelligence, a finely-cut and strong mouth, complexion fair, and shining through all an expression of contentment and such sweetness as one rarely sees, even on the face of a woman. Her dark brown hair is worn in braids beneath a tasteful and airy cap, with long ties of lace falling over the shoulders. There is a subtle charm in the stately "old school" manner of deepest courtesy, which it is hard to render. Her conversation shows no symptoms of failing intelligence, and is carried on with a bright freedom. Excellent health makes itself apparent in both habits and conversation. On being asked recently as to her welfare, she replied: "My health is very good. I ride and walk out, not miles, you know, but good long walks;" and added, with a gay air, "I can always have a gentleman escort."

There were no children by this second marriage, and the descendants of his daughter Julia and his son Fletcher are, with the widow, the only living representatives of the "Sage of Marshfield."

From the Evening Mail.

AN OLD IDEA—NEWLY-CLAD.

Stream of my life, dim bank'd pale river, flow!
I have no fear to meet the engulfing seas;
Neither I look before, nor look behind,
But lying mute, with wave-dipped hand float on.

It was not always thus. My brethren, see
This oar-marked quivering palm, the better sign
Of Youth's mad struggle with the wave that drifts
Immutably, eternally along.

I would have had it glide through fields and flowers,
Giving and taking perfume, freshness, joy;
It winds through a blank desert. Peace, my soul!
—The finger of God's angel drew its line.

So I lean back, and look up to the stars,
And count the ripples circling to the shore,
And watch the silent river rolling on,
Until it widen to the open seas.

THE MISTAKE THAT MR. HORTER MADE AT THE SEASIDE.

A man named Horter lived out in Colorado a few years ago, but as his health was bad he was ordered to spend a year or two at the seashore. He was born in the far West and had never seen an oyster in its shell. He bought a cottage down at Atlantic City, and went there to live early last spring. A few days after his arrival he saw a man, going by with a cart load of oysters, which Horter mistook for stones. Stones are mighty scarce at Atlanta, and as Horter wanted some to make borders for his flower beds, he asked the man what he would take for his load. It struck Horter that the price was high, but he bought the lot and had them dumped down by his gate. The next day he stuck eight hundred of them in the sand in his garden, around the beds, and when the job was done he thought it looked uncommonly handsome.

A week afterward there were three or four warm days, and Horter remarked that the sea breeze smelled very strongly; and he told Mrs. Horter that he thought there must be a dead whale lying somewhere down on the beach. The next day the smell became more offensive, and Mrs Horter said that it was an outrage that the authorities did not clean up the streets and remove the garbage that poisoned the air. On the following day the weather was extremely hot, and the stench became perfectly terrific. Mr. Horter said there must be a dead rat somewhere in the weather-boarding, and he got the carpenter to come and remove some of it. But he found nothing, and upon going away he remarked to Horter that that sauer-kraut they were cooking for dinner was the deadliest sauerkraut for smell that he ever encountered.

The stench grew stronger all that night, and on the next morning a committee of neighbors waited upon Mr. Horter to say that if he would kill that polecat he would confer a personal favor upon them and upon the people of the county generally. Then Horter told them how perplexed he was about the matter, and said he would only be too glad to have the cause of the trouble detected. So the committee made a tour of inspection, holding their noses. When they got into the garden they perceived the oysters all gaping wide open, and evolving an awful smell, absolutely in fumes. One of the committeemen, grasping the fact that Horter planted these oysters, imagined that he was crazy, suddenly climbed over the fence and went home. The others remained and asked Horter what on earth he meant by laying those oysters around in the sun in that manner.

"Oysters!" said Horter. "Oysters! You don't mean to say those are oysters! Well, well; that beats all! I was wondering what made all those stones split even down in the middle. I couldn't account for it. And so those are oysters? Why I thought oysters always came in cans."

That afternoon he buried the shell fish deep in the sand, and the smell ceased. Then he sold out his cottage and moved to Long Branch. He told Brown, his next door neighbor, that he knew they were oysters all the time, and he did it for a joke; but he moved because the people seemed to see too awful much fun in it.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

ORIENTAL LEGENDS.

THE MISER AND HIS KINDLY WIFE.

A kindly woman was married to a miserly man. "Don't give anything to anybody," he used constantly to say, but she paid no attention to his words, and was always liberal to the poor. At last he swore that if she ever gave alms again he would divorce her. Now a great famine fell upon the land, and one day a beggar came and asked for food, and she gave him three butter cakes. As the beggar was going away her husband met him, and found out who had given him the cakes. Rushing home in wrath, he not only turned his wife out of the house, but he smote her and broke her arm. The divorced wife found her way to a distant city, where she became married to a good husband, and all things went well with her. But it was just the opposite with her first husband, whose miserly habits brought about his ruin. Obliged to beg his bread from door to door, chance at last directed his steps to the house where lived she who had been his wife. The second husband, not recognizing the first, invited him to sit at his table. But the wife, seeing who the guest was, sat silent and ate nothing. Asked by her husband why she did so she told the story of her life. "Strange is thy story, O wife, but mine is still stranger," said her second husband. "The beggar who came to thy door, and to whom thou gavest the three butter-cakes, was myself. At that time I was poor and needy, but always charitable. What I received, that was I wont to share with orphans and the poor. Thou wert suitable for me, but not for him. Therefore has God freed thee from him, and bestowed thee upon me."

SOLOMON AND THE WATER OF LIFE.

When Solomon was ruling on earth, the angel Gabriel was sent to him one day with a goblet filled with the water of life, and bearing from on high the message that, if he chose, he might drink of the water and become immortal. Calling together all his wisest councillors, he asked their advice. They, with one consent, advised him to drink and live forever. Then he summoned the birds and beasts of the field, and all of them gave the same advice, with one solitary exception. This was the hedgehog. Approaching the throne, and bending its brow to the ground, thus did it speak:—"If this water may be shared by thee with thy kith and kin, then drink and enjoy the bliss of living. But if it is intended for thee alone, then do not drink. For sad would it be for thee to live on, but to see thy kinsmen and friends one after the other disappear." "True are thy words, O hedgehog," replied the king. "To me alone has the water of life been sent. As thou has counselled so will I decide." Thus spake Solomon; and the water of life did he not drink.

AGE AND WHITE HAIR.

Hearing one day that a peasant had found a vault full of wheat, each grain of which was as big as a date-stone, a certain king desired greatly to know what manner of men lived on earth at the time when that corn grew. Being advised to consult a wise and aged yeoman, he sent a messenger to him with a sample of the grain. On the way the messenger met a friend, who begged him to ask the wise old man two other questions:—"Why does a man's hair turn white when he grows old? and why does age improve a man's good looks and impair those of a woman?" The messenger found out the old yeoman, and proposed to him the first problem. The old man, whose hair was blanched, and whose form was bowed and broken by age, said he knew nothing about the corn, and referred the visitor to his elder brother. The second old man, though more aged than the first, was much more active and vigorous, and his beard had not yet turned gray. He also said he knew nothing about the corn, and sent the messenger on a third and still older brother. This very old man turned out to be by far the least aged in appearance of the three, his beard being quite black, and his figure still youthful. From him the messenger obtained an answer to all his questions. A hundred years previously, it seemed, there lived on earth a people who were very God-fearing and pious; and in return for their piety did they receive from the Almighty that wondrous gift of gigantic grain. As regards white hair, continued the sage, blond or black locks are the sign of youth, but white is "the sign of age on account of the clearness of its thoughts." With respect to the different effect of age upon men and women, that arises from the fact that man was made of earth, which improves the longer it lies fallow; whereas woman was made of flesh, which is liable to decay and corruption. Having received these answers, the messenger asked, moreover, how it was that the youngest the three brothers was the most decrepit, and the eldest the least. This also the sage explained. His youngest brother, he said, had foul land and an ugly and vicious wife; therefore was he so worn in appearance. The second brother possessed good land, but his wife, too, was bad and foul-favored; therefore did he seem old, though not so striken in years as his younger brother. But he himself, he went on to say, was blessed not only with good land, but also with a good looking and good-hearted wife, and, therefore, was it that he, although the eldest of the three brothers, was by far the youngest in heart and frame; for the proverb truly says that "a man's home is either his heaven or his hell."

EMPEROR AND PRINCESS.

There was once an emperor of China, who being suddenly aroused from slumber one morning, rushed at his awakener with drawn sword, and would have killed him had he not been held back. The disturber of his repose, being his chief vizier, was greatly astonished. But the emperor explained that he was dreaming about a lovely maiden when the vizier awoke him, and his wrath arose from his thereby being deprived of his angelic vision. Now the visier was not only "an Aristotle in intellect," but he was also so cunning a painter that he produced a life-like portrait of the dream-maiden from the emperor's description. This portrait he submitted to the view of all strangers and travellers who came that way, one of whom eventually recognized in it the likeness of the Princess of Greece. Off started the vizier for Greece, saw the princess, and found that she was all that the emperor's fancy and his own brush had painted her. Only she had vowed never to marry for the following reason:—Walking in her garden one day, she saw an accidental fire consume a brood of peafowl. The peahen remained with her young and shared their fate. But the peacock selfishly flew away and left them to perish in the flames. Wherefore she despised and detested the male sex. Hearing this, the vizier obtained leave to ornament her palace, and painted on one of its walls a most attractive portrait of his emperor, who was represented as sitting on a throne in a pavilion, around which stretched a perfect Paradise. Through the foreground ran a pellucid stream, in the waters of which floated the dead bodies of a full-grown male antelope and several young ones, while a female antelope grazed tranquilly on the bank. "Who is that man, and what are those animals?" asked the princess. "That is the Emperor of China," replied the vizier, "and those are young antelopes which were accidently drowned before his eyes one day. Their father shared their fate, but their mother deserted them. So disgusted was his majesty by this proof of the perfidy of the female sex that he has vowed never to marry." Hearing this, the princess fell into a deep reverie, the end of which was that she acknowledged that perfidy might possibly be a female as well as a male complaint, and that so feeling an emperor would be like to make her a fitting husband. Soon afterward he and she were married, "and so the emperor obtained what he had longed for."

THE KING AND INDIAN BOY.

A certain king was afflicted with lameness, and he was told that his sore foot could be cured only by being inserted into the cut-open body of an Indian child. And he sent his servants forth to procure such a child. They found one whose parents were hard-hearted and ready to sell him for money. When the boy was brought into the royal presence in order to be operated upon, he began to laugh. "Why ever dost thou laugh, when thou shouldst weep?" he was asked. "Why should not I laugh?" he replied. "When a boy is in danger, he runs to his father. If that is no use, he turns to his mother. If she cannot help him, he appeals to the authorities, and lastly to the king himself. Now my parents have sold me to the king, and he is going to kill me in order to save his life. But what will be say in his defence before the Lord Most High in the other world? As I have not met with tenderness from my mother, nor mercy from my father, nor justice from the king, whom shall I now entreat? I appeal unto that God who is an almighty aveuger. He will assuredly take up my cause against the wrong that has been done me." When the king heard these words, fear came upon him, and he set the child free. And so strong was his emotion that from his eyes streamed forth hot tears, the healing virtues of which, according to the will of God, cured his diseased foot.

LOVE AND SELFISHNESS.

News was brought one day to a pious and powerful king that a great marvel was to be seen in a certain well. For at the bottom of it was a golden throne, on which sat a maiden fair as the morn, whose beauty seemed to fill the whole cavity with sunlight, and opposite her was seated an old and wrinkled man, whose body had wasted away to a mere shadow, and who spent his time in gazing alternately at her and at a cauldron of boiling oil which seethed before him. Thither went the king immediately, found that what had been told him was true, and asked the fair maiden what this strange scene meant. "I am the daughter of a fairy king," she replied, "and this old man has loved me from his youth upward. To please him have I sat here with him for sixty-two years, and both compassion and the fear of God prevent me from deserting him. However I cannot marry him, because I am of a celestial race, and he is of a terrestial. But he could easily get rid of his earthly elements if he would fling himself into this boiling oil in which case he would become purified by the intense heat, and would emerge like refined gold. But hitherto he has not had courage to do so." Then spake the old man and said, "Willingly would I fling myself into the cauldron, for I would gladly welcome death, were it not for this one reason. Only for this cause do I fear to die, in that I should thereby lose the delight of gazing on the fair face of her whom I love." Then the king inquired if the old man would follow him in case he led the way and emerged from the peril unhurt. "Certainly," was the reply. Whereupon the king stripped, and, "offering up his noble life in behalf of the unhappy lover," sprang into the cauldron. An hour passed, and then he emerged, free from all trace of earthly stain, and turned into gold of the purest vein. Down from her throne stepped the maiden, bowed her forehead to the ground before the king, and offered to become his bride. But "No," replied the king; "what I did was done, not to gain thy love, but to encourage this feeble old man." Hearing this, the old man followed the king's example, remained for the space of an hour in the boiling oil, and then emerged, a gleaming form of purest gold, and a fit bridegroom for the fairy maiden, who seated him by her side on the gleaming throne, and flung her silver arm around his neck of gold.

THE BARBER ESCAPED.—"Cut my hair," said the customer, as he seated himself in a barber's chair, "and be sure you let it run down the back of my neck," referring of course, to the particular style of the cut.

The barber was a Western artist, having lately arrived in Oil City from St. Louis.

After clipping away for some time he concluded that perhaps the hair wasn't running down the customer's neck as fast as that individual might desire it—although for the life of him he couldn't see why he should *want* it to run down at all—and when a quantity had accumulated inside his shirt collar, the accomodating barber shoved it down and out of sight with the handle of the brush.

This performance was repeated two or three times, and the customer began to realize what was going on. Henceforward he took a lively interest in the proceedings. He said:—

"What in the name of the bird with the broad and sweeping wings are you doing."

"It didn't seem to run down," said the barber apologetically, "and so I crammed it down with the brush."

The customer acted like a man who had just made the discovery that a rat had built her nest between his shoulder-blades, so he yelled:

"Cram your crammed head to cramnation!" and then, turning a double summersault out of his chair, he kicked at the reflection of the barber in the looking-glass. The barber escaped.—*Oil City Derrick.*

Of Mrs. Hayes' early home at Delaware, Ohio, when in the Wesleyan University, a Cincinnatian writes: "Attracted by the advantages offered for education, hither at once came several families to reside during the pupilage of their children. Among the number was Mrs. Maria Webb, a widowed mother, from Chillicothe, Ohio, with two sons and one daughter. Finding a cottage on the College grounds, which had formerly been used for card tables and billiards, she entered it, and at very little cost had it fitted up for her occupancy. Many a pleasant hour the writer, when a student, spent under its roof. The boys were his classmates, and their sister Lucy, then in her teens, was pursuing her studies with her brothers, and, with the steward's daughter and one or two girls from the town, recited in some of the College classes along with the young men. There was then no provision for the admission of young ladies at the College, nor did the names of the girls appear in the College catalogue.

The suicide of little Gibbs, a Blue-coat boy, in the infirmary of Christ's Hospital, London, has brought Charles Lamb's School into unpleasant prominence. After two or three months of schooling the lad ran away because he could not endure the treatment which he received at the hands of one of the monitors. He declared that he would never remain under the monitor as long as he lived. He would rather hang himself. He was, however, sent back to school, where he was birched. After three weeks he ran away again, and was again taken back to school. He was sent to the infirmary to await the decision of the Head Master on his case, and in the infirmary he hanged himself with a cord attached to a ventilator. Some of the evidence as to the condition of the school goes to show that bullying and severe flogging have been too common there. Poor little Gibbs seems to have been fairly fagged into suicide.

The other night Mlle. Albani had to sing at St. James's Hall the favorite ballad the "Blue Bells of Scotland"; but, as usual, the slovenly adapter had been drawing on his memory for the words. Any Scot knows that in the original the following lines occur:

O where, tell me where, did your Highland laddie dwell.
He dwelt in bonnie Scotland, where blooms the sweet blue bell.

But Mlle. Albani was instructed by the "book of words" to sing this atrocious parody on the second line:

He was born in merry Scotland, at the *sign of the Blue Bell.*

In this way a ballad endeared to every Scotchman was ignorantly turned into something like a publican's advertisement, and this, too, at a high-class concert.—*Glasgow Evening News.*

Mrs. Siddons once described with no small humor to Campbell the scene of her probation on the Edinburg boards. The grave attention of the Scotchmen, and their canny reservation of praise till they were sure it was deserved, she said, had well-nigh worn out her patience. She had been used to speak to animated clay, but she now felt as if she was speaking to stone. Successive flashes of her elocution that had always been sure to electrify the south fell in vain on those northern flints. At last she said that she had worked up her powers to the most emphatic possible utterance of one passage, having previously vowed in her heart that if this could not touch the Scotch she would never again cross the Tweed. When it was finished, she paused, and looked at the audience. The deep silence was broken only by a single voice exclaiming, "That's no bad!"

The engineer found the theologian entirely wrapped in his pontifical, meditating over forms of worship, while the poor were begging for bread. He found the philosopher up among the blazing stars and the people down in the depths of ignorance and vice. He took the philosopher with one hand and the laborer with the other, joined the opposite poles, completed the magic circle, and produced a shock that thrilled humanity to its very centre. Talleyrand, speaking to Napoleon of America, said:—"It is a giant without bones." That was before railroads were built. The engineer has been busy since then; the giant has the bones now, and has become the backbone of the world.—*W. S. Collins.*

The city of Salem, in Oregon, has adopted this original method of dealing with drunkenness: "When any person becomes intemperately given to strong drink, a certain number of citizens may petition to have him declared a drunkard. The petition is directed to the city recorder, who gives notice, by publication in some daily paper, that the person named in the petition has been declared a 'common drunkard.' After such notice, it is unlawful for any one, to give or sell to such person, or assist him in getting, any wine, spirituous or malt liquor.'"

The *Sunbury Daily* has suspended, because, to use its own words, "There was nothing in it but glory."

From Temple Bar.

REST IN THE GRAVE.

Rest in the grave!—but rest is for the weary,
And her slight limbs were hardly girt for toil;
Rest is for lives worn out, deserted, dreary,
Which have no brightness left for death to spoil.

We yearn for rest, when power and passion wasted
Have left to memory nothing but regret;
She sleeps, while life's best pleasures, all untasted,
Had scarce approached her rosy lips as yet.

Her childlike eyes still lacked their crowning sweetness,
Her form was ripening to more perfect grace.
She died, with the pathetic incompleteness
Of beauty's promise on her pallid face.

What undeveloped gifts, what powers untested,
Perchance with her have passed away from earth;
What germs of thought in that young brain arrested
May never grow and quicken and have birth!

She knew not love who might have loved so truly;
Though love-dreams stirred her fancy, faint and fleet;
Her soul's ethereal wings were budding newly,
Her woman's heart had scarce begun to beat.

We drank the sweets of life, we drink the bitter,
And death to us would almost seem a boon;
But why, to her, for whom glad life were fitter,
Should darkness come ere day had reached its noon?

No answer,—save the echo of our weeping,
Which from the woodland and the moor is heard,
Where, in the springtime, ruthless stormwinds sweeping
Have slain the unborn flower and new-fledged bird

A GAY AND FESTIVE CENT.—The elusiveness of a cent when it gets into the straw of a horse-car is wonderful to behold. You see the very spot where the coin strikes, but when your hand reaches the place there's no cent there. And the more that straw is poked about, be it with the tenderness of love or the spitefulness of anger, the more the little joker keeps out of sight. It isn't a very hightoned pursuit to be thus chasing a festive bit of copper—alloyed at that—through the labyrinth of straw, and feet, and market baskets, and miscellaneous bundles, which the floor of a street car ordinarily presents, but one can hardly take a trip of any considerable length without witnessing just such a hunt. One of the most dignified passengers on a Highland car had an experience of this kind last evening. The coin glinted as it fell, and a sort of glow-worm spark seemed to mark its resting-place. The dignified traveller was evidently no novice as to the deceitfulness of these little jinglers, for he approached that cent with the cautious, stooping motion of a boy trying to pick a bumble-bee from a thistle blow. He made the clutch with a smile of satisfaction which was meant to reprove the incredulity of his fellow-passenger, but a handful of dirty straw was his only reward. Then he parted the litter and clutched again as he saw the little disc diving into mysterious depths, but the unsaintlike expression of his face showed further lack of success. Then he just "went for" that bedding, and the more the passengers tried to keep from laughing the madder he got, and he shook, and coaxed, and stamped, and bullied the straw, but the cent rather seemed to like it and kept a safe distance. Then the man made a shovel-plow of his hands and furrowed the very flooring; then he took a rat-terrier tactics and tried to worry that penny into a compromise, but it was eight to seven against him all the time. At this juncture a glance from the window showed him that he had been carried seven blocks by his stopping-place, and his remarks as he got out on the muddy crossing were hardly fitted for the neighborhood of the Tabernacle.—*Boston Post.*

Vivier the eccentric Frenchman who has made it the business of his life to worry the Custom-House inspectors of all European countries, has returned to France. His wont formerly was to pack a huge trunk full of trousers straps, such as are worn with gaiters, using hydraulic pressure if it were necessary to cram five bushels into a three bushel space; then to lure the inspector to open it as a suspicious package, when naturally the contents were overset, and the whole force of the Custom-House was occupied for hours in putting them back. A powerful Jack-in-the-box was another device of his that was very successful. His latest performance at Boulogne is thus recounted: "M. Vivier placed his valise and travelling-sack on the counter. 'What is in this travelling-sack?' 'Two rattlesnakes,' said M. Vivier, meekly. The inspector jumped back, and said it was unnecessary to open it. 'And in this valise?' 'Three more rattlesnakes,' softly responded M. Vivier. The inspector knitted his brows for a moment, consulted a tariff, and replied in an awful voice, 'That makes five rattlesnakes; there is no duty on rattlesnakes unless there are six or more. Pass this gentleman's luggage!'"

SHE KNEW HIS WHISTLE.—That was a touching incident, last week, at the death bed of Mrs. Gaylord. Her husband is an engineer on the Cincinnati road, and upon reaching Richmond found a despatch announcing the failing strength of his wife. The difficulty among the roads made it impossible for him to get off. A second despatch arrived saying that she was sinking fast. It was then that he decided to run a locomotive to Dayton. The dying wife, whose ears were fast closing to all earthly sounds, listened for the familiar whistle which she knew he always gave as the signal of approach. The hours flew fast, and the sands of life were running very swiftly; still she could not go without saying farewell to him. At nightfall, when the sun had set over her last day on earth, when the chill of death was creeping over her and the pulses were failing her ear caught the sound of his coming. She alone heard it, and said: "Will is coming; that is his whistle." And he reached the bedside in time to receive her dying message of farewell.

The Hon. Sidney Breeze, the Hon. John D. Caton, and the Hon. O. C. Skinner formed many years ago the Supreme Court of Illinois; and one day, while talking together, discovered that all three were natives of Oneida county in New York. They were discussing this curious coincidence when Mr. Lincoln entered the room, and they mentioned it to him. Said Judge Caton: "Lincoln, we have discovered the singular fact that we three judges are all natives of the same state and the same county." Mr. Lincoln was feeling rather sore over an adverse decision the court had made a day or two previous in a case of his, and his final response was made in a pleasant sarcastic reference to that decision. "Ah!" said Lincoln, "and what State and county was that?" "State of New York and Oneida county," responded Judge Skinner. "Oh, well," said Lincoln that accounts for it. I always thought this was a *Oneidea* court."

Mrs. Augusta Schuster, wife of Prof. Charles Schuster, of Brattleboro, Vt., has invented and patented a life-preserver made from white birch bark. It is made the required thickness by layers of the bark stitched together and arranged with cylinders underneath, so that it will not careen, and frighten the wearer. Compared with other life-preservers, this seems to be the acme of inventions, and in it she has shown the provident woman by its necessitating the wearer to keep an upright position in the water, and by its carrying so much weight that with the free use of the hands a couple of children could be saved at the same time.

One of the latest Yankee ideas is a Turkish bath on wheels. It is a car that runs behind the sleeping-coaches of an express train. It has a drawing-room, a Russian and plunge bath, shampooing rooms, and all the other accommodations of a Turkish bath-house. The temperature of the rooms varies from 80° to 160° and the compartments are lighted from the roof with blue glass. Travellers can bathe as well as eat, drink and sleep on the rail. Such a car can be switched off on a side track in any town or village and remain a day or two for the accommodation of the residents.

Leopold von Ranke, the eminent German historian, is 81 years of age, and it was sixty years last month that he graduated from the University of Leipsic, and received his decree of Doctor of Philosophy. The Emperor of Germany bestowed upon him the Order of the Crown of the First Class—the First time that any scholar has been deemed worthy of that bauble by a German monarch. The Queen sent an autograph letter of congratulation and a portrait of the Emperor. The Crown Prince called upon the historian in person. The King of Sweden bestowed the Grand Cross of the Order of the North Star.

A student was reprimanded by the professor for his lateness at morning prayers, and excused himself on the plea that the prayers *took* place too late. "How," said the professor, "is six o'clock too late?" "Yes, sir," replied the student. "If you had them about *four*, I could attend, but no man could be expected to stay up till six."

A farm, owned by David Jacks, of Monterey, containing 10,000 acres, was planted in wheat last year, and the yield was fifteen centals per acre, and at $1 per cental, it would give a crop worth $150,000, of which one-fourth, or $37,000, is net to the planter. A few years ago this entire tract could have been purchased for $10,000.

A man killed another man's dog. The son of the man whose dog was killed therefore proceeded to whip the man who killed the dog of the man he was the son of. The man who was the son of the man whose dog was killed was arrested by the man who was assaulted by the son of the man whose dog the man assaulted and killed.

Half the sorrows of women would be averted if they could repress the speech they know to be useless—nay, the speech they have resolved not to utter.—*George Eliot.*

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

Bucks County Gazette:

JESSE O. THOMAS, Editor.

OFFICE—*No. 45 Radcliffe St., cor. Walnut St.*
BRISTOL, PA.

Thursday, August 16, 1877.

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—The Murphy movement in Cincinnati has come to a close, for the present. There have been 15,000 signatures to the pledge obtained in that city, some of them of well known citizens who have been dissipated for many years, and who have evidently been reclaimed.

—It is announced that nineteen of the Governors of States have accepted the invitation of the Permanent Exhibition Company to be present on the "Governors' Day," which is Wednesday, the 29th instant. Others have delayed accepting owing to the riots, but some of whom will probably now accept and be present. The occasion promises to be interesting and attractive.

—Labor troubles, after having subsided in a great measure throughout the United States, are threatening to disturb the tranquility of Canada. The unemployed in Montreal number six thousand. Workingmen have been holding mass meetings in that city and Toronto, at which resolutions were passed condemning the present government tariff, alleging that to a very great extent the present depression of trade results from the excessive importation of American goods.

—The first day of the Centennial Celebration in Vermont passed off at Bennington yesterday according to the programme prescribed in advance. There was a great parade of troops, and the literary exercises took place afterwards in a large pavilion. The oration of the day was delivered by the Hon. Daniel Roberts. A poem by Mrs. Dorr was read by Prof. Churchill. Speeches were made by Gov. Connor of Maine, Gen. Hawley, Gen. Banks and others. The crowd numbered 40,000 people, and the procession was three miles long. President Hayes arrived the latter part of the day and was cordially welcomed.

—Massachusetts papers say that the State detectives, who have been going among the tramps for the purpose of learning how to deal with them, report that their observations thus far convince them that the great body of tramps are professional thieves. Occasionally one travels by himself, but they generally form into gangs for a few days or longer under the direction of a chief, and have their duties assigned them, who are to beg to-day and who to-morrow, and what places are to be broken into. It is suspected the tramps have a general headquarters for stolen property among the hills in the western part of the State.

—By a vote of the Board of Directors on Monday (5 to 1), giving the President authority to open the Permanent Exhibition on such days and times as he might deem proper, President Morton has decided to open the same on Sunday, between ten o'clock in the morning and six in the evening. No machinery will be in motion, nor will any sales be allowed except of refreshments at the Department of Public Comfort and the log cabin. In the afternoon a concert will be given by an orchestra of thirty pieces and a chorus of thirty professional voices. Upon this announcement, Mr. John Wanamaker resigned as a member of the Board. Subsequently Messrs. Biddle and Clothier resigned, but on personal grounds. James Steele was chosen to fill one vacancy, the others have not yet been named.

—The Dunkin Act campaign in Toronto, Canada, has been the chief topic there for the past week. The energy and enthusiasm displayed by the supporters of the bill completely eclipses any temperance effort in Canada of modern days. Through incessant meetings and agitations the subject has been brought home to every family, and for the ensuing six weeks the Dunkinites and the anti-Dunkinites will fight out the battle at the polls. The Dunkinites, as the temperance party are termed, built an amphitheatre to accommodate the vast gatherings who nightly assemble to listen to the doctrine that a man may be ruined by five cents' worth of whiskey, while he runs no risk if he can lay by five gallons. But notwithstanding the shortcomings of the bill, it has been carried in a great many towns by large majorities. The anti-Dunkinites are determined to make a desperate effort to defeat the bill, and have raised $70,000 as an electioneering fund. They have also preferred very serious charges of inconsistency against two of the temperance champions. A baker is induced to make a solemn affidavit that he smuggled a five-gallon keg of beer into the residence of the Rev. Mr. Hunter, covered by a flour sack. Vice Chancellor Blake is also charged with treating a party of friends to a champagne supper in a suburban town. At the opening of the poll, the anti-Dunkinites created a disturbance, and prevented their opponents from recording their votes. The result so far shows a majority of about two hundred against the bill.

RAILROAD DISASTER IN NEW JERSEY.—A startling accident occurred on Thursday morning, on the Long Branch division of the New Jersey Central Railroad, by which sixty or seventy persons were injured, some of them fatally. The tide happened to be low, or a large number of lives must have been lost by drowning. The train that left Jersey City at 7.45 A. M., with three passenger cars, was crossing the drawbridge over the Shrewsbury river at Oceanport, N. J., near Long Branch, when two of the passenger cars were hurled into the river, and the engine, tender and smoking car into the ditch on the left hand side of the track. The rear passenger car remained standing on the bridge. The other two passenger cars were thrown on their sides into about three and a half feet of water. The passengers were left struggling until assistance arrived, when they were taken out through the windows on the upper side by the uninjured employes and occupants of the rear car. The scene in the cars when the windows were broken open were most alarming, as men, women and children, immersed in the dark muddy water, were struggling to save themselves from drowning. Mothers with their infants in their arms screamed for help, and struggled to get out of the windows on the upper side. They were all rescued alive, but a large number were bruised by the fall or injured in their efforts to escape.

The appearance of the passengers as they were drawn out of the wreck, was shocking. Hands and faces were cut and bleeding. Clothing, especially that of the women, were torn. In some cases the bodies were drawn out almost nude. Those most seriously wounded were taken immediately in carriages and row-boats to Oceanport Village, half a mile distant, while others were removed to Long Branch and Ocean Grove. The citizens of Oceanport were especially active in opening their doors to the wounded, and physicians were telegraphed for from Elizabeth, Long Branch and other places. Most of the wounds were slight bruises or contusions, but a few were of a more serious nature. Strangely enough, no one was killed outright by the accident. There were several young children upon the train, but they seemed to suffer least of anybody. One cause of preservation was the water, which, too shallow to drown any one, was still deep enough to break the force of the fall. "I do not believe," said one of the wounded, who was a witness of the consternation, "that a single person would have escaped from our car if the water had been over our heads."

[Correspondence Bucks County Gazette.]

PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 13th, 1877.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—One day last week the Exhibition Company issued an appeal to the citizens of Philadelphia, stating that $50,000 was needed at once, for a working capital, and calling upon citizens to subscribe to the stock. In less than twenty-four hours, every great daily in the country became imbued with the idea that the splendid enterprise was a failure, and many and varied have been the comments on the subject. I am in a position to know the truth of the whole affair, and will briefly say that the Exhibition Managers knew from the first, that this money would be needed, but made no proclamation of the fact, because they expected the amount would be made up through the subscriptions of merchants; but the merchants of Philadelphia are cautious; the fact, that their incomes are not quite so princely as during the flush times of the war, fills them with horror of an involuntary residence in the almshouse. Because they cannot invest $50,000 in a summer residence, and must, perforce, put up with sea side cottages or hotel board at $35 a week, they worry through the day, with bankruptcy staring them in the face; and dream, through the night, of state's prisons. Our merchants are not quite such millionaires as they were before the panic, and though they could well understand the importance of the Exhibition, one waited for another, until the managers became disgusted, and presented their case to the general public. The mass of the people, however, have regarded the enterprise as a little bit too "high toned," if not too sectarian in its characteristics, to warrant their support. They could go to the Park, the Zoological Garden, Memorial Hall, with its School of Industrial Art, and hundreds of other places of secular entertainment on Sunday, and they felt aggrieved that the doors of the Exhibition Building should be closed. The Exhibitors, many of them, sided with the people, and through their influence, the President, Mr. Clement M. Biddle, was led to resign, and Mr. John S. Morton, President of the Market Street Passenger Railway Company, was induced to take his place.

Mr. Morton is in favor of Sunday opening; he owns a large proportion of the stock; he is able to run the thing himself if he wants to; he has shown the greatest interest in Philadelphia enterprises; and he is the gentleman who introduced steam street cars, not merely in Philadelphia, but in America. Such a man, naturally, has the confidence of the people, and as he will, without doubt, open the Exhibition on Sunday, its success is assured.

This Sunday question is a vexed one, and I do not care to discuss it; in fact as a journalist it is outside of my province—as the true journalist does not pretend to lead, but to reflect public opinion. I will, however, state that with my experience of city life, I believe the church-goers will not go to the Exhibition on the Sabbath while the non church-goers will either go there or to very much more demoralizing places of entertainment.

The First Division, National Guards of Pennsylvania, having been tendered a complimentary reception and collation by the Exhibition Managers, have, through their commander, General Brinton, suggested that the banquet be omitted, and the funds subscribed to it donated to the families of the four Philadelphia soldiers who perished at Pittsburg. This very fitting proposition has been accepted, and next Thursday appointed as soldier's day. A large crowd and a most enjoyable evening is expected. As the families of the four fallen men are nearly destitute, the testimonial fund should, as it probably will be large enough to give a creditable showing for Philadelphia's gratitude.

The rioters have quited down, and nearly all the troops are home; the only large detachments being at Wilkesbarre and Scranton. Reports of attempts to wreck trains are daily received, but few of them are successful.

A curious case of abduction has just come to light in Camden, N. J., across the Delaware. A young girl named Josephine Davis disappeared last year from that place, and at first suspicions were directed to a couple named Henry Hatslit and Flora Jones, who, though unmarried, had lived together in a little hovel near Styer's Woods. Josephine had become somewhat intimate with them, and it was known that the man was a bad character. On investigation, however, it was found that the man and woman still remained for several months, and it was supposed that Josephine had committed suicide. In June, 1876, Hatslit and his partner also disappeared, and nothing more was heard of them until a few days ago, when a letter was received from Ware, Massachusetts, at the Camden post office, inquiring if a family by the name of Davis had lost a daughter "Josie," and saying that such a child was now in the writer's house, a fugitive from tramps who claimed to be her parents. It is also stated that the couple kept the child to beg for them, and she had just escaped. Mrs. Davis started at once for Ware, Mass., and will doubtless soon return with their long lost and deeply mourned daughter. C. W. F.

[Correspondence Bucks County Gazette.]

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 13, 1877.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—Mr. Schurz, like Gulliver of old, finds himself an object of merciless archery at the hands of Lilliputian warriors, and their arrows are still capable of wounding if we may judge from the care he takes to deny the statements of Gail Hamilton and others, in regard to his compensation while stumping Pennsylvania and other States, in past canvasses. What boots it that he was paid. No orator ever had more weight than he, in any State where he discussed the issues of the day; and it has always been conceded that his presence turned the tide for Mr. Hayes in 1875, when his defeat as Governor of Ohio meant defeat for the Republican candidate for President in 1876. It is no more than right that Mr. Hayes should reward him in some form, and putting him in the Cabinet is nobody's business, even if his expenses were paid at the time.

Personally we are warmly opposed to his Civil Service Reform hobby, and scout it earnestly, as we do the whole English or German system of clerical labor, where five men are requisite to do as much work as we exact from one live American. We deprecate any system whereby men are fossilized, and by which we are barred from applying our true American remedy of new blood, new men, and a new order of things generally when public affairs are administered, as in England and Germany in the circumlocution, how-not-to-do-it-way. But Mr. Schurtz lawfully has the deal, and we demur to this wholesale abuse and abstraction now visited upon him. No one can question his honor and his integrity, and we feel like upholding him in all he does simply because his administration, in so far as he can make it, in contrast with what the Interior Department was under Mr. Delano's reign, is an oasis in the desert of corruption and willful ill doing.

WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

The sentiment against a change of plan in finishing this huge dead weight is becoming very decided, and we may say that Congress will determine to complete it as one great shaft on its present base, or will tear it away and have no monument whatever. It is questionable whether we should have more than Mount Vernon as a memento of the Father of our country. There we have him duly enshrined, and any worshipper can devoutedly look upon the sarcophagus containing his ashes, and upon the spots which he rendered holy by his walking thereon, provided the pilgrim pays his dollar to the Steamer "Arrow" for the sole use and behoof of the high priests who preside over the sacred precincts, and duly guard the precious remains and souvenirs. Ancient Egypt built huge piles of masonry as monuments to her great, and their outlines against the distant sky are said by travellers to be the most sublime spectacle of the East. So might we build a great shaft to which the traveller in the distance might ever turn his eye and noting it against the horizon remember that we have one, as worthy of a never dying monument as an ancient monarch. And yet as we gaze upon that sacred spot, Mount Vernon, where 25 cts. admittance affords us an opportunity to weep, as at Adams' sepulchre did Mark Twain, we feel ready at times to say let us never add another stone to Washington's memory.

TEMPERANCE.

Our good temperance people are greatly exercised over the presentation of a bouquet by Mrs. Hayes to the German Scheutzenfest. We are inclined to think them in error in working themselves into such heats, for the Scheutzenfest is not purely a lager beer gathering, but is a national observance, and as such is as our 4th of July. Though we do much in its celebration that is so unworthy and reprehensible, yet no one on that occasion would have it ignored. Mr. Hayes and Mr. Schurtz honored the Scheutzenfest with their presence, not because its Germans loved lager, but because they were met together in friendly contests to make themselves the better able to perform the fighting duties of American citizenship, should call be made again for soldiers, and to keep fresh and warm the memories of their "Faderland." The President recognized this beautiful custom of one of the best portions of our American citizens, and the presentation of Mrs. Hayes' was merely the same. Both might well deplore the lager as they would whiskey or wine at their own table, and yet consistently attend the Fest. Our police books show less crime among our Germans than any other nationality, and as long as his beer enables him to avoid our Irish and American custom of guzzling bad whiskey with all its terrible concomitants, the President may consistently recognize the Scheutzenfest as a National commemoration. By the way, the biggest German here is a Jew, Hon. Simon Wolf, who presided over the Fest when Mr. Hayes was present, and so eloquently defended it against the attacks of the temperance people, has nothing of the German about him but its language. Yet he ably wields the budget for his so-called "Faderland," and were he a user of lager we would accept him as a Dutchman in the fullest sense.

Sam Randall is here again and looks as happy as had he possession of the coveted Speaker's chair of the next House. He is very confident of success, and as we must have a Democrat, under the undoubted Democrat majority, we know of none more worthy than he, and give him our best wishes. D. D.

[Correspondence Bucks County Gazette.]

NEW YORK LETTER.

NEW YORK, August 13, 1877.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—It is financial matters, more than political or social, that are bothering us just now. We have no society to speak of, for it is all on the bluff at Long Branch, or encamped on the broad piazzas of Saratoga. The bon-bon and caramel variety—the kind that is tied up in a separate package with a blue satin ribbon—is at Newport. I am supposed to be there, myself, and I trust you will keep my secret. It would never do to have it known that I am scribbling away in a deserted French flat in the month of August. In politics, also, there is stagnation. Things are shaping themselves quietly under the surface, but it is only a lazy shuffling of the cards for the exciting game in the fall. The City Hall has a woe-begone appearance as it bakes in the sun with nothing to give it life but a stray Alderman or two, the bartering of whose votes on "big-pipe" contracts did not result in enough to make a trout-fishing excursion feasible. So we are driven for our rather mild sensations to that restless pool—I should say that series of restless pools—Wall street, where there is always something going on. Your smart broker is he who lives in a villa at Long Branch, always within hasty marching distance of the scene of conflict. And should he cast his fishing-lines in the pleasant places farther away, he is still smart if he keeps his sub-broker on the ground. He can then wire him constantly to play the "bull" or "bear" by proxy, just as he pleases.

There is considerable activity just now on the street, owing to the Gould complications. Ever since the Selover attack, the "little dark man" has been mysteriously moving with Western Union as his *point d'appui*. Russell Sage, Jim Keene, and others in the pool against him look on with ill-disguised uneasiness at his preparations for some St. Bartholomew massacre of the financial variety. The latest card is the proposition for Western Union and Atlantic and Pacific to form a copartnership, in which Western Union shall take about three-fourths of the joint business. Such a coalition would put Western Union up mightily, and catch some of the "boys" on the hip. Gould lives at Irvington-on-the-Hudson, and comes to town but seldom. He doesn't think the atmosphere around Wall and Broad streets and Exchange Place as invigorating as the breezes that blow about his elegant country villa. When he succeeds in his Western Union and Atlantic and Pacific marriage, the public will have to pay a great deal more for their telegraphic business, and as is generally the case, they will be the sufferers by the gambling trick. Just now competition makes telegraphing a luxury within the reach of all.

Our excise troubles continue, but the enforcement of the law has taken a more logical form. A few days ago the attention of the Mulberry street authorities was called to the fact that the police were using their almost arbitrary power in the premises for the purpose of gratifying their personal animosities. They would wait until all courts were closed, and there remained no chance of getting bail, and then they would descend upon a luckless wight, dispute the legality of his license, if he had one, and march him to the station-house. The consequence would be that the unfortunate bartender, or proprietor, would have to remain in a noisome cell all night. It can't be any great pleasure to pass the midnight hours in one of our cells. They are luxurious in their way, but it isn't a pleasant way. As soon as Superintendent Walling heard of this revengeful game, he instructed all the captains to see that no arrests were made, save in the daytime. Men who kept liquor saloons stand a chance now, when arrested, of getting to their little beds, even if they haven't got the required three to make their gin-mills taverns where accommodation for "man and beast" can be had. But what a monstrous fraud it all is? The cases are piling up on the calender at such a rate that unimportant individuals, like thieves and murderers will have to languish without trials in jail, while the excise muddles are being proceeded with. If the ordinary business of the courts is attempted also, that famous New Zealander, who is to arrive some time in the dim future, will find our gray-headed and tottering judges listening to the details of arrests that were made forty years before.

The bold Conkling, the crested jay-hawk of the valley, New York's favorite son, had a rousing welcome down the bay on the occasion of his return from a foreign shore. But it struck me as being a "bum" affair, gotten up principally for the the purpose of having a picnic at which chicken sandwiches could be eaten and champagne *frappe* consumed in enormous quantities. Look at the list of distinguished citizens who extended the hand of welcome! There is scarcely a representative man of solid New York among them. In the main they were Tammany Hall politicians who are willing to curry favor with Republicans, and when they were not of that breed, they were Custom-house *attaches* and other radical gentlemen, part of whose routine work it was to get drunk down the bay, and about themselves hoarse over the blonde senator. His speech was certainly a funny one. Everybody wanted to know about his intentions this fall, and he told them of how he found rapid transit in London. It was desired to obtain his views on the split between Blaine and Hayes, and he had a few neat anecdotes about Grant's reception, with which to appease the appetite of his auditors.

Our theatrical season is taking form gradually. The Union Place Hotel is full of the profession, Mrs. Alice Oates being among the number who stop there. All day long the Fourth avenue and Fourteenth street sides of the Park are made a vast exchange whereon a great deal of business is done between actors, managers and agents. On Wednesday evening the long promised Pink Dominos is to be produced at the Union Square, with Charles Coghlan, the favorite English actor, in the principal role. Mr. Coghlan remains with the Union Square as leading man, and that must certainly be a heavy loss to Daly. It is rumored that the *Pink Dominos* will be produced at the Fifth Avenue, also, under the title of *The Charity Ball*. If such is the case, we may look for another interesting legal squabble. *Baby* is very successful at the Park Theatre, where it will remain the attraction until Sothern takes the stage. They are busy at Wallack's preparing for Boucicault's new place, and for Miss Lydia Thompson, with her dazzling bevy of blonde beauties. When they get here you may expect to see our gilded youth make the bouquet trade quite active. SANS NOM.

[Correspondence Bucks County Gazette.]

CHICAGO LETTER.

CHICAGO, August 11, 1877.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—It has been intimated that the Protection Life Insurance Company of this city was in a bad way. The predictions made were verified on Monday by the Auditor filing an information against it, and at once, without any resistance, securing the appointment of a Receiver, who will proceed to investigate its condition. The point on which the application for a Receiver was made, was that the Company had exceeded its powers by issuing wager policies to certain Ohio Trust Associations, the policy holder getting only one-tenth of the sum insured, and the association which met the assessments, if he did not pay them, getting nine-tenths. But there are other and graver charges which will have to be met. These are assessing for fraudulent death losses, and also putting forward the dates of deaths so that policy holders who have come in since a death, and are not liable therefor, may be illegally made to contribute. A preliminary investigation of the affairs of the concern shows that it is hopelessly bankrupt, its liabilities being more than twice its assets. This leaves not a single Illinois life insurance company in existence. Holders of unexpired policies need not expect anything, and will be lucky if they escape being called on for assessments. The Auditor has directed that the Charter Oak do no more business in this State, but that was superfluous, since it had ceased taking new risks, and is busied simply with attending to what it has and with trying to recuperate.

Last March Stevens S. Jones, the editor and owner of the *Religo-Philosophical Journal*, a spiritualist paper published here, was killed by a phrenologist named Pike, who had reason to believe that Jones was criminally intimate with his wife. Pike shot the editor in the bump of amativeness, or as he expressed it, in "the part where he offended," and justified his course by the Mosaic law, that the adulterer shall surely die. He was tried this week, and the jury brought in a verdict never before found here, that he did kill Jones as charged, but that he were then, and is now insane, and should be committed to an asylum. This the Judge has ordered to be done. His insanity was clearly proven. To show it his counsel read some of his poems, which cover many leagues of foolscap, and which are couched in the following mystic strain:

"Thy blanched regression through God's white regime,
With the recondite ragency's extreme
Obliqueness, till his glories' beamless spark
Conceives a dark, insufferable dark.
With full plenepotine Armadas winged
With fleetest light, lest nether navies winged
With bristling headed divinities undammed,
With serried shields impassioned space is crammed."

The jury had no trouble in making up their minds after an half hour of this. The prisoner, however, insists that he is not insane, and repudiates the counsel who try to make him out so.

The Chicago base ball club, commonly known as the White Stockings, having given up all hopes of coming out ahead itself has turned in for the purpose of helping the Bostons to have the pennant and keeping it out of the hands of Louisville, which is the other prominent competitor. It is a game at cut-throat euchre, where Chicago is steadily playing into the hands of Boston, and it will probably be in a position to give aid enough to pull the latter through. There is nothing definite as yet regarding the reorganization for next year, but it is the intention of the managers to get the best men they can, wherever they can find them, and make a desperate effort to regain that pennant. It is questionable whether Barnes, whose sickness contributed so much to the defeat of this season, will ever regain his health so as to be of any use. He is not so very sick, but he fancies he is, and the influence of the mind upon the body is very powerful. McVey has been engaged by the Cincinnatians.

The riots are over, and the last of the transgressors has been held to the criminal court, but the trouble is not yet at an end. There is a general feeling that it is to be renewed when winter comes, and the pressure of cold is added to that of hunger. There is no work for the laborers who are on the streets, and what labor there is will partially stop when navigation and the building season come to an end. It is proposed that the city help by commencing work on the City Hall, and by building sewers, etc. But this helps but little, and it is hard for a moneyless corporation to start in at once. There is much private capital which might be employed, but its owners do not see their way to make any profit by investing it in production, and they keep aloof. One large manufacturer, who is a candidate for County Treasurer, comes forward, however, as the "friend of the people," and urges the wealthy ones to employ each so many laborers at working on the streets, or at anything else they may please. He offers to be be one of one thousand to employ five men each. It is one of those propositions which will not come to anything, but it helps a man amazingly at the primaries, and gives him a boost at the polls.

It has been found impossible to increase the police force, but the militia regiments will be strengthened and put in a position to do good service when needed. That they will be seems almost unquestionable.

As winter approaches, the tramps leave the country and flock into the cities, living either at the poorhouse or on the fruits of begging. The communistic leaders have no more open meetings, for the police will not allow it, but they are quietly busy in raising recruits and perfecting their organization. It was in this they were defective when the riots came last month but they hope not to be caught out when the trouble occurs again. The leaders are Germans and Scandinavians, but they draw their chief support from among the Bohemians and Poles, who, it is true, get small wages, but then are able to live on messes which an American would rather starve than eat. They feed well, they think, when they have the luxury of a cabbage.

One of the leaders of the Workingmen's party, who made many speeches before the riots began, has sued the *Tribune*, of this city, for libel, in stating that he directed the operations of the mobs and thereby made himself liable to the penitentiary. Parsons is a printer, and a smart fellow; but his chance of making money out of his suit is poor. The only result will be, if the case comes to a trial, to show all the doings of himself and associates previous to and during the riots, and to convince the jury that Mr. P. is not a safe man to have around in excitable times.

The Methodist camp meeting on the fashionable lake shore grounds has come to an end. It was a very pleasant affair, but thus far not a single conversion has been reported. Another camp-meeting, on the old and unfashionable grounds, will begin next week. Those who have it in charge announce that it will be devoted to the saving of souls, and to no other purpose; which is a sort of saintly slap at the real estate speculation tendencies of the other camp-meeting.

The dentists of North America swarmed into the city this week, and have been banqueting and talking for days. Judging by their seats at dinner, their molars and incisors are in superb order; and judging by the heat and fervor of their discussions, there is as little agreement among them on points of practice as there is among the professors of any other branch. Their sessions are but poorly attended—simply a few amateurs of pain, and a few people with morbid dispositions dropping in to see a clinic, where a back tooth of great tenacity of root, and as unwilling to leave as a dismissed office-holder, is torn from the home where it has abode these many years. The only conclusions arrived at were that red vulcanite may or may not be a good thing; that north sunlight may or may not be beneficial, and that the prompt payment of a dentist's bills is under and all circumstances extremely desirable.

What, if finished, would have been about the finest Episcopal church in this city has just fallen into the hands of an Insurance Company. This was St. John's, the erection of which was begun prior to the panic, and which is completed except the auditorium. It has staggared along under a debt to the Berkshire Life Insurance Company, which was gradually swelled to about $50,000. It was bought in by the Company for $20,000. The building is admirably situated, and desperate efforts were made to save it from its fate: but the congregation is Low Church, and nearly all the other churches here are High, and they placidly abandoned it to its fate. What the insurance company proposes doing with its elephant is not known. Any person who wants to get a church building at a low figure will find one already for him here.

Haverly has secured a lease of the old post-office building, which belongs to the School Board, and will continue to run it as the Adelphia, Sundays included. The rental is $9,000 a year. It is only by his Sunday performances, he says, that he makes himself whole, the week-day business being conducted at a loss. McVicker has opened with his new company and is doing fairly well. W. H. H.

—One of our correspondents writing from St. Louis in a letter dated the 21th inst., says: Quite a breeze has been created here, at the prospect of re-opening of the famous whiskey ring litigations. With the conviction and incarceration of the leading conspirators, with one or two exceptions; the acquittal of others, and the *noll pros* of indictments against government witnesses who were conspirators, it was supposed the history of the ring was completed. This impression has been dissipated by the institution, by the government, of a civil suit against Wm. McKee, chief proprietor of the *Globe-Democrat*, of this city, for the recovery of moneys lost by the government, by means of the whiskey conspirators, of which Mr. McKee was a leading spirit, and for which he suffered a year's imprisonment, having only recently emerged from the walls of the dungeon. The history of this conspiracy, the most formidable, and one of the most gigantic that has ever disgraced the administration of governments, is familiar to the ears of the whole American people. The fact, however, that of all members of the iniquitous plot, who, by almost superhuman exertion and tremendous expense, were convicted and imprisoned, but one remains to-day in compulsory confinement, is not so generally known. This remarkable interposition of executive clemency in favor of these criminals, is wholy unexampled in our criminal annals, and has never been satisfactorily accounted for, either by the late chief magistrate or his friends. Assured, since the change of national administration, that evil doers of this class have no longer the sympathy of the highest functionaries in the land, the subordinate officers of this district have gone to work to finish up their labors. Careful estimates of the amount of which the government was actually defrauded in this city, place the figures at about ten million of dollars. Of this only an infinitesimal portion can be recovered. McKee is about the only member of the defunct conspiracy whose property lies in such shape as to be accessible for realization on judgments. Although he has been the recipient of a pardon by the President, it is claimed that he is not thereby made exempt from the penalties imposed by the revised statutes, providing, (section 3,296) that "whenever a person removes, aids or abets in the removal of any distilled spirits on which the tax has not been paid," &c., or "conceals, or aids in the concealment of any spirits so removed, he shall be liable to a penalty of double the tax imposed on such distilled spirits so removed," &c. Stripped of its iteration and formidable circumlocution, the petition of the plaintiff recites *sixteen hundred and fifty-one causes of action*, in which an aggregate penalty of $2,314,200 is claimed. The petition and statements contain nearly six hundred printed pages of legal cap. There is now every prospect of this litigation being extended to infinity. The only circumstances calculated to animate the sensation-lover with a gleam of hope, is the prospect that new and startling developments may occur, and much be revealed that has thus far been hidden, and still remains a portion of the secret history of the conspiracy. Joyce, whose first sentence is about to expire and who expects to be released, is supposed to know much more about the ring than he has ever cared to tell, and will probably be used as a witness.

—An interesting little encounter took place in New Orleans recently, in one of the most popular parts of the city. Two young girls, bearing the outward marks and resemblance of what we commonly understand as ladies, were walking along the street, and coming to a corner, one of them, a very pretty girl, raised a snow-white delicate little hand and slapped in the face a narrow-legged and rather fancy looking youth, who was leisurely training the early promises of a moustache on his finger, while leaning against the lamp-post. Under the encouragement of her companion (delivered in such elegant terms as "Go it Georgie," she unfolded a sharp flexible cane from her dress and laid it unsparingly on the young man's clothes, causing him to take with rapidity to his heels. She was doubtless an injured young person whom this party had been slandering, and she resorted to this mode of redressing her grievances with precautious strong-mindedness.

—Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Rugg, of Jersey City entertained their friends at supper one evening last week. Among other things set on the table was a plate of compressed beef. Soon after supper Rugg and his wife and their friends were seized with violent retching and other symptoms of poisoning. A physician was at once called in and gave it as his opinion that the poison was in the compressed meat. Mrs. Rugg and one of the visitors were dangerously ill.

—A new way to make a railroad pay. The occupants of 600 shanties along the lines of New York railroads make a living by planting corn and potatoes between the rails and the fences. It is said that 9000 acres are cultivated in this way.

—The stock for a new mill of the Potomska Mills Corporation, New Bedford, Mass., is all taken, and the work of making plans for the building is to be commenced immediately. The new mill will have spindles to the number of 30,000.

Hulmeville Correspondence.

Mrs. John Aikens, of this place met with a terrible accident on last Friday. While sitting at the top of the stairs, feeling ill she started to go to her room, and attempting to rise fell down the stairs, breaking her collar bone, and her arm, besides otherwise injuring herself. Dr. Griffith tended to her injuries.

The Sunday Schools of Bensalem, Newportville, Fallsington, Oxford Valley and Hulmeville held their annual pic-nic at Langhorne Park on Tuesday last. Quite a large number were present during the afternoon, and all appeared to enjoy themselves.

The consolidated church excursion to Long Branch and Ocean Grove on Monday next promises to be unusually large. Our borough will be largely represented.

A party of boys from Potter Hall, Cornwell's station, with John Rue as captain and cook, are encamped along the Neshaminy, in the woods of A. K. Joyce; they will remain one week.

Charles T. and W. E. Harrison returned from Ocean Grove on Saturday last, having driven over two weeks previous. They left their stable in Asbury Park at half past two o'clock, Saturday morning, reaching home in thirteen hours and a quarter. They report the ride as one well worth taking, passing as it does through a beautiful farming district.

—Yesterday morning the Churchville Sunday School held an anniversary in Amos Knight's woods, and among those gathered to enjoy the festivities was a mule hitched to a tree. A storm arose, and the lightning flashed and struck the tree, and the mule's pleasure for the rest of the day was spoiled for he was found reclining under the tree peacefully sleeping the sleep of death. Louis Sheppard's team from Rockville, took fright and ran away bringing up against a fence. Annie Fenton, daughter of John Fenton, who was in the wagon was thrown out and badly injured.

WAGES IN BOSTON.—The Boston *Herald* says: "Waiters in Boston, who before the panic received $15 and $18 a week, now receive from $10 to $14, and ordinarily $15 is the highest price paid any of these gentry, the number obtaining this amount being very small and serving only in first-class places. Most of the restaurant keepers engage for the whole day only two or three waiters, and specially employ men to come in and serve during dinner hours remunerating them with dinner and supper and perhaps 50 cents in money. Railroad brakemen and baggage-masters resort to this expedient very largely."

—A wonderful case of attempted suicide occurred at a saloon on Ford street, Norristown, on Friday. Mr. John Marshall, an Englishman, depressed by the fear of being set in the street for non-payment of rent, went upstairs, put a small revolver to his forehead, fired, and when picked up by his wife was only found to be stunned and bleeding. The surgeon on probing for the bullet found it flattened in the skull, but not through to the brain! The ball was removed and he will doubtless recover.

—Last Monday twelve conductors on the Second Avenue Passenger railway line, New York, were arrested for conspiracy to defraud the company in "beating" the bell-punch used in registering fares, and stealing cash. These men discovered the mechanism of the punch and used it to their advantage. Warrants were also issued for about fifty other conductors of the same line, who are in the conspiracy.

—Thornbury township, Delaware county has a colored justice of the peace.

☞ Vesuvius (the world's great safety valve) again threatens an eruption—always uncontrollable by human effort. Eruptions of the physical system, as Boils, Pimples, etc., are Nature's safety means to warn the sufferer that his blood needs entire purification—most quickly and effectually accomplished by using Dr. Bull's Blood Mixture.

Philadelphia Markets.

Wednesday, August 15, 5 P. M.

FLOUR.—The offerings of flour are very liberal, and prices tend downward. Pennsylvania extra at $5 a 6 25; Wisconsin extra family, good, at $6 75, Minnesota extra family good, at $7; choice at $7 25, fancy at $7 50 a 7 62½, Lancaster County do do. choice, at $7 50; Pennsylvania and Ohio do do, new wheat, medium, at $7, good, $7 25, Indiana do, do., choice, at $7 50; Kentucky, do do, at $7 50, and patent and other brands at $8 50 a 9 50. Rye flour sells at $4 12½ a 4 25

GRAIN.—Wheat is quiet but steady; Penna. Red, good, at $1 43; Western do prime, at $1 40; No. 2, do. do. at $1 38 a 1 39½, Southern do., at $1 45; Southern Amber good and choice, at $1 56 a 1 52; do. do., fancy, at $1 53; Maryland do., fair, at $1 48; Kentucky do, choice, at $1 50; Western do., fair and prime, at $1 41 a 1 46, Ohio No. 2 red, at $1 37; Michigan White, at $1 55, and Ohio White, medium, at $1 26. Rye is dull and lower; sales at 65c Corn comes forward rather slowly, but the inquiry is limited, and prices, if anything, favor buyers; Western and Penna. Yellow in cars and grain depot, at 60 a 62c.; in Elevator, at 59c.; Western high mixed, in the cars and grain depot, at 58 a 59c, chiefly at 58c.; steamer at 56c., and one car Western white at 56c. Oats are freely offered; sales of new white at 33 a 36c.; old do. at 40c., and new mixed at 31c.

Philadelphia Cattle Market.

Monday, August 13, 5 P. M.

BEEF CATTLE were dull to-day, but with light receipts prices were steady. We quote at 3½a7½c. Receipts 2,000 head.

HOGS declined and closed at 7½a8c. Receipts, 3,500 head.

SHEEP were firm. Sales at 4a6c. Receipts 10,000 head.

FARMERS' HAY AND STRAW MARKET for the past week Loads of Hay, 378; Straw, 67 loads. Average price during week: Prime Timothy, $1 00 to $1 15, Mixed, 60c. to 85c. Straw, 55c. a 65c. per 100 lbs.

Special Notices.

Many who are Suffering

From the effects of the warm weather and are debilitated, are advised by physicians to take moderate amounts of whiskey, two or three times during the day. In a little while those who adopt this advice frequently increase the number of "drinks" and in time frequently become confirmed inebriates. A beverage which will not create thirst for intoxicating liquors, and which is intended especially for the benefit of debilitated persons, whether at home or abroad, is Dr. Schenck's Sea Weed Tonic. Containing the juices of many medicinal herbs, this preparation does not create an appetite for the intoxicating cup. The nourishing and the life supporting properties of many valuable natural productions contained in it and well known to medical men have a most strengthening influence. A single bottle of the Tonic will demonstrate its valuable qualities. For debility arising from sickness, over exertion or from any cause whatever, a wineglassful of Sea Weed Tonic taken after meals will strengthen the stomach and create an appetite for wholesome food. To all who are about leaving their homes, we desire to say that the excellent effects of Dr. Schenck's seasonable remedies, Sea Weed Tonic, and Mandrake Pills, are particularly evident when taken by those who are injuriously affected by a change of water and diet. No person should leave home without taking a supply of these safeguards along. For sale by all druggists.

DURING THE SUMMER MONTHS most persons are liable to complaints of the stomach and bowels—pain, cholera morbus, diarrhœa, dysentery, &c. Every family should have something on hand to correct the trouble at once, for, besides the annoyance, the disease is greatly aggravated by its continuance. PURSELL'S CHOLERINE MIXTURE has been in use for several years and with good results. No better remedy can be used. 667

Hemorrhoids or Piles

Permanently eradicated in two to four weeks. No knife, ligature or caustic used. No charge until cured. No failures. Send for circulars. DRS MARTIN & FERRIS, 1107 Chestnut St., Philada. 859

Special Notices

A TIME-HONORED SPECIFIC.—The long and successful career of Dr. WISHART'S PINE TREE TAR CORDIAL, as contrasted with the speedy collapse of nostrums devoid of efficacy which have from time to time been puffed into a brief notoriety during the twenty odd years that this celebrated medicine has been sold, affords a proof that the American public continues to repose its confidence in deserving articles only. The PINE TREE TAR CORDIAL has long been recognized as the leading specific for Consumption, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Diptheria, and all other diseases of the breathing organs. It is, moreover, a certain, speedy, and safe botanic remedy for Dyspepsia, Liver Disorders, Scrofulous Affections, Urinary Troubles, Gravel, Dropsy, Debility, Constipation, and Female Complaints. Constantly accumulating evidence of an unimpeachable character establishes the fact that it not only entirely eradicates the diseases to which it is adapted, but also that its action is remarkably prompt and thorough. The crucial test of experience has demonstrated its reliability in every particular. Sold by all druggists. Principal Depot, No. 916 Filbert St., Philadelphia. 604

JOHN W. EARLEY,
Wholesale and Retail
Cheap Toy and Variety Store,
NO. 103 NORTH SECOND STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.
Express Wagons, Rocking Horses, Baby Coaches, Wax Dolls, Mechanical Toys, Wheelbarrows,
596 Patent Doll Heads and Bodies.

For Sale.
ONE Seven per cent. First Mortgage of $800. One ditto of $1,000.
760 JOSHUA PEIRCE.

Private Boarding
FOR TWO GENTLEMEN. Apply at GAZETTE OFFICE

The Bristol Friends' School,
FOR MEMBERS AND OTHERS, of both sexes, will re-open on SECOND-DAY, the TENTH of NINTH MONTH (September), 1877. For circulars, terms, and other particulars, apply to
S. A. MITCHELL, Principal
ANTHONY SWAIN, President.
Or C. T. IREDELL,
886 Treasurer of Committee.

A LYCEUM CONVENTION
Will be held in Langhorne Park,
ON SATURDAY, AUGUST 18th, 1877,
AT TEN O'CLOCK A. M.
THE Literary Exercises for the day will comprise ESSAYS, ADDRESSES, ORATIONS, &c., by members of the societies participating. WINKLER'S CELEBRATED BRASS BAND of Trenton, N. J., will perform at frequent intervals during the day.
Morning exercises at 10 o'clock.
Afternoon exercises at 2 o'clock.
Admission to the Park, Ten Cents.
882 BY ORDER OF THE COMMITTEE.

ROBERT KENNEDY,
WHOLESALE
Chair and Cabinet
MANUFACTORY,
No. 5 Chancery Street, Trenton, N. J.
EXTENSION TABLES, &c. 675

Watches, Watches, Watches.
AT COOK & JAQUES', TRENTON.
Engagement and Wedding Rings
on hand and to order,
AT COOK & JAQUES', TRENTON.
Ladies Opera and Leontine Chains,
AT COOK & JAQUES, The Jewelers
The latest in Solid and Choice Neck Chains, Lockets, and Crosses, at
COOK & JAQUES,
568 THE JEWELERS OF TRENTON, N. J.

A. HAMMER,
Keeps constantly on hand a full line of
Hardware, Guns, Revolvers,
Hunting Apparatus and Fishing Tackle,
and will sell the same at greatly reduced prices. Repairing of all kinds promptly attended to.
7 SHOT REVOLVERS, full Nickle plate, $2 50.
ASSANPINK BLOCK, GREENE STREET,
818 TRENTON, N. J.

H. C. LOVEJOY'S
PHOTOGRAPHIC ART GALLERY,
No. 10 West State Street,
TRENTON, N. J.
Photo-Miniatures, Photographs, Ferrotypes, Frames, Etc. Particular attention paid to copying. 623

Persons Wanting
MILLINERY, TRIMMINGS,
Ladies' and Children's Underwear,
WILL DO WELL TO CALL AT
23 E. State St., Trenton,
BEFORE PURCHASING ELSEWHERE, where they will find a large and well selected stock at prices lower than ever before offered. Also full line of
HAIR GOODS.
COMBINGS made up at the shortest notice
E. A. BUCHANAN,
23 E. State Street, Trenton, N. J.
N. B.—Stamping and Embroidery done to order 768

WHY NOT
Buy Frank Leslie's Paper Patterns of us?
They are the Cheapest,
In greater variety, and undoubtedly the newest in style and cut of all the Paper Patterns in the world.
WE HAVE 100 MORE STYLES THAN ANY OTHER DEALER IN BRISTOL.
Before you Buy call and get a Catalogue and see for yourself.
WHY NOT
Buy of us?
J. H. BOSTWICK & CO.

WHY NOT?
Will anybody answer the question why people won't buy Paint or anything in Bristol, instead of going to Philadelphia. Why not spend your money at home, and let it do us all good.
I have tried hard to sell
AVERIL PAINT,
(the best in the world) for more than a year, and yet people will go to the city and pay more, and have all the trouble and freight to pay.
NOW LOOK HERE.
I will sell
1 gallon in cans, for $1.95 per gallon.
2 " " " " 1.90 " "
5 " " kegs, " 1.85 " "
10 and over, in kegs, 1.75 " "
Why Not Buy of Me.
J. H. BOSTWICK.
860

Miscellaneous.

DR. THOMAS,
COLTON DENTAL ASSOCIATION.
NITROUS OXIDE GAS.
DR. THOMAS makes a specialty of extracting teeth absolutely without pain by the aid of Nitrous Oxide. Over 23,000 persons have successfully inhaled the gas at his office
913 Walnut Street, (South Side),
977 **Philadelphia.**

Wagon for Sale.
Apply to HARKINS & PRAY,
884 Dorrance Street, Bristol.

For Rent.
TWO SMALL HOUSES on RADCLIFFE STREET near the Hollow Bridge, at $7 and $10 per month. Apply to
864 CAPT. WM. J. JONES.

For Rent.
A NEW HOUSE OF SEVEN ROOMS, ON OTTER STREET. Possession given immediately. Apply to C. M. TAYLOR, corner of Radcliffe and Mulberry Streets, Bristol, Pa. 880

WILLIAM STUCKERT, Doylestown. JOHN C. STUCKERT, Bristol.
WM. & J. C. STUCKERT,
Attorneys at Law.
OFFICES—Doylestown and Bristol, Bucks Co., Pa. 818

MISS MERRIAM'S
Family and Day School for Girls,
AT BRISTOL, PA.,
WILL REOPEN ON WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12th. A distinct Primary Department will be added to the school. For Circulars, address until September 1,
MISS A. MERRIAM,
715 Westburough, Mass.

Estate Notice.
ESTATE OF WILLIAM H. BRADY, late of Bristol township, Bucks county, deceased. All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement, without delay to
CATHERINE E. BRADY, Administratrix,
Bristol, Bucks County, Pa.
Or B. F. GILKESON, her Attorney. 883

UNDERGARMENTS
READY MADE
At What the Material Would Cost.

I HAVE ADDED TO MY ALREADY LARGE AND EXTENSIVE STOCK

A FULL AND COMPLETE LINE OF
LADIES' UNDERGARMENTS,
At very low prices.

LADIES' CHEMISES.
LADIES' CHEMISES.
LADIES' CHEMISES.
LADIES' CHEMISES.

LADIES' DRAWERS.
LADIES' DRAWERS.
LADIES' DRAWERS.
LADIES' DRAWERS.

WHITE SKIRTS.
WHITE SKIRTS.
WHITE SKIRTS.
WHITE SKIRTS.

CORSET COVERS.
CORSET COVERS.
CORSET COVERS.
CORSET COVERS.

CHILDREN'S SLIPS.
CHILDREN'S SLIPS.
CHILDREN'S SLIPS.
CHILDREN'S SLIPS.

LADIES' WHITE SACQUES.
LADIES' WHITE SACQUES.
LADIES' WHITE SACQUES.
LADIES' WHITE SACQUES.

J. WESLEY WRIGHT,
Next to Canal Bridge,
MILL STREET, BRISTOL.

Pennsylvania Railroad
NEW YORK DIVISION.
On and after July 1, 1877,
Trains to and from Bristol Station
For Philadelphia.
Kensington Depot, 7:19, 7:40, 8:56, 9:39 A. M., 12:46, 4:06, 7:31, and 9:17, P. M. West Phila. Depot, 6:25, 10:33 A. M., and 12:35, 3:00, and 9:38 P. M. On Sundays, Kensington Depot, 12:46 and 5:27 P. M. West Phila. Depot, at 9:28 P. M.
For New York.
At 1:16, 6:45, 8:11, 9:21, and 11:46 A. M., 2:44, 6:21, and 7:44 P. M. Sunday trains 9:21 A. M., and 8:17 P. M.
For Trenton.
At 6:45, 7:58, 9:21, 11:09, and 11:47 A. M., 2:44, 2:59, 4:34, 5:14, 6:12, 6:21, 7:05, and 7:44, P. M. On Sundays, 9:21 9:53, A. M. and 2:49, 8:17, P. M.
☞ The 7.58, 11.09, 11 47, A. M., 2.59, 4.34, and 6.12 P. M. trains connect with Belvidere Division.
From Trenton.
At 6:40, 7:10, 8:00, 9:15, and 10:14 A. M., 12:15, 12:20, 2:50, 3:40, 6:55, and 9:14 P. M. On Sundays, 12:20 noon, and 9:14 P. M.
From Philadelphia.
Leaves Kensington Depot, at 6:00, 7:12, and 10:15 A. M. 2:15, 4:00, 4:30, 5:30, 6:15, and 8:20 P. M. West Philadelphia Depot, at 8:00, 8:30 and 11:00 A. M., and 2:00, 5:30 and 7:00 P. M. and 12:00 night.
From New York.
At 8:15, and 10:25 A. M., 12:55, and 6:55 P. M.
From Philadelphia, Westward.
Trains leave West Philadelphia for Harrisburg, Pittsburg and the West, at 5.00, A. M., and 12.55 6 15, P. M., daily, except Sunday, and 7.20, 9.10 A. M. 11.55, P. M., daily.
For Harrisburg, Williamsport, the Oil Regions and Erie, at 12.55 and and 11 55, P. M.
For Harrisburg, Elmira, Canandaigua, Niagara Falls, &c., at 7.20, A. M.
A Through Passenger Train, especially for partie moving westward, leaves Philadelphia at 12 05 A.M., daily, except Monday. For passage by this train, application should be made to Francis Funk, Agent, 116 Market Street, Philadelphia, where first-class and emigrant tickets can be obtained.
For further information see time tables, which can be obtained at the ticket office.
F. THOMSON, Gen. Manager, D. M. BOYD, Jr. Gen. Pass. Agent.
G. W. BARKER, Supt. N. Y. Division.
F. W. JACKSON,
60 Gen. Supt. U. R. R. of N. J. Division.

Trips Resumed to Trenton.
THE STEAMER
Edwin Forrest
Will leave Arch street wharf, Philadelphia, touching at Tacony, Torresdale, Beverly, Burlington, Bristol, Florence, Penn's Manor, White Hill and Trenton.

Leave Arch st. wharf.			Leave South Trenton.		
Thursday,	16,	6 A. M.	Thursday,	16,	10 A.M.
Friday,	17,	7½ A. M.	Friday,	17,	11½ A.M.
Saturday,	18,	8 A. M.	Saturday,	18,	12 M.
Monday,	20,	8 A. M.	Monday,	20,	12 M.
Tuesday,	21,	10 A. M.	Tuesday,	21,	2 P.M.
Wednesday,	22,	10 A. M.	Wedn'day,	22,	2 P.M.
Thursday,	23,	11 A.M.	Thursday,	23,	3 P.M.

Leaves Bristol about one hour and a half after leaving Philadelphia or Trenton.
Fare, Philad'a to Trenton, 40cts. Excursion, 60 cts.
All other places, 25 cts. Excursion, 40 cts. 751

Resumed Trips.
STEAMER TWILIGHT.
ON and after TUESDAY, MAY 1st, 1877, the splendid Steamer TWILIGHT leaves Chestnut Street wharf, Philadelphia, at 7 A. M. and 3 P. M., for Burlington, Bristol and Florence, touching at Tacony, Riverton, House of Correction, Torresdale, Delanco, Andalusia, and Beverly. Returning, leave Florence at 10 o'clock A. M. and Bristol at 10½ o'clock, stopping at all the above Landings each way. On the 3 o'clock trip only as far as Bristol, leaving there at 5 P. M. Fare, 25 cents; Excursion 40 cents. 763

Daily Excursions.
THE STEAMBOAT
COLUMBIA
Will leave Bristol at 7.10 A. M., and 4 P. M., for Philadelphia, touching at Burlington, Beverly, Riverton, Torresdale and Andalusia. Returning, leaves Philadelphia at 2 and 6 P. M. Fare, 25c. each way. Excursion, 40c. 263

NewspaperARCHIVE®

NewspaperARCHIVE®

Bucks County Gazette:

Thursday, August 16, 1877.

SORTS.

—Supper at the grove to-night again.

—Jesse B. Mears, our ex-postmaster, is visiting his friends in Virginia.

—Miss Merriam will add a distinct primary department to her family and day school for girls at the re-opening on the 12th of September.

—The Nuisance Committee of Council, or some other committee should see that the luxuriant vegetation growing at the corner of Mill and Wood streets, and on Cedar between Market and Mill, was cut down.

—To-morrow in the lecture room of the Baptist Church, the Woman's Prayer Meeting will be held at 4 P. M., the Executive Committee of the Bristol Christian Temperance Union, at 6½ P. M., and the choir of the evening meetings at 8 P. M.

—The Nelly White was unfortunate enough to break the forked end of her connecting rod on Sunday night and has been laid up for repairs ever since. As she has become a necessity to a great many people along the river, it is to be hoped she will soon be running again.

—David Wright, of Tullytown, appeared before Squire Bailey on Monday, and invested $27 for two field plovers and one robin. The Justice does not as a general thing deal in birds, except jail-birds, but in this instance he was induced to take a hand in the business because the game laws had been violated by Mr. Wright.

—William H. Geiss was fined $2.20 for shooting fire-arms within the limits of the borough. He was indulging in pistol practice at a neighbor's chickens. If William had peppered some of the superfluous cats, whose moonlight serenades are productive of so much profanity, it is possible his offence would have been overlooked.

—The Bath Springs have quite a number of boarders, the most of them ladies. One of them was recently very gracefully thrown off one of Jared's spirited nag's into the arms of a gentleman standing by. Since then there has been a great demand for horseflesh and it is dangerous for a gentleman to be standing on any of the corners of our streets.

—Aaron Larue, our versatile townsman, counts among the happiest moments of his life the time he spent in inducing two young men to sign the pledge. They should now turn the tables and labor with Aaron and get him soundly converted to total abstinence. But Mr. Larue should not cease working in the good cause, he still has friends yet out of the fold.

—Dr. E. J. Groom announces himself as out for the Coronership. His qualifications for the office are so conspicuous that is strange he was never brought forward as a candidate before. The experience he has gained by his industry and devotion to his profession, particularly fits him for the position to which he aspires, and if the nominating convention wishes to add to its ticket worth, popularity and symmetry, it will not fail to name for Coroner, Evan J. Groom.

—Among the passengers on the City of Berlin which sailed from New York for Liverpool on Saturday last, were Misses M. C. Newton and Julia E. Wright, who were teachers at Miss Merriam's school last term. They with eight other ladies under charge of Rev. Geo. E. Ferguson and wife, are on their way to Wellington Cape Colony, South Africa, where they will combine the instruction of the natives in English with missionary work, and also act as teachers to the children of English colonists.

—Before Squire Bailey, on Wednesday morning, was brought James O'Neill, charged with shooting a pistol at Jacob Weidler, residing on Buckley street. He was under the influence of liquor when he did it, but that did not serve as a palliation in the eyes of the law, and he was put under $1,000 bail for appearance at court, in default of which he was sent to Doylestown, where he can meditate over the evils resulting in his not joining the Murphy brigade.

—A flight of canary birds took place from a third story room of Jacob McBrien's house on Wednesday morning. Mr. McBrien had somewhere in the neighborhood of 100 of these little pets turned out loose in the room, and in some manner the wire netting at the window had a hole knocked in it, and about thirty of the birds escaped and are doubtless flying about the neighborhood somewhere, rejoicing in a freedom which will probably cause their death as they are not hardy enough to bear the exposure of this climate.

—Now is the advice of the GAZETTE in regard to Bristol needing a new hall seen to have been worth following. Here we have had people eager and anxious to get to the temperance meetings and yet compelled to stay away when the Grove could not be used, because there was no building commodious enough to hold all who came. Here we have had a festival seriously interfered with for the same reason, and rapidly approaching comes the inclement season, when Grove meetings will be a thing of the past, and yet there are no preparations making for this great need of Bristol. When and how we are to be accommodated in this respect remains yet to be answered. It can, but will it be?

—The Burgess and Council met as a committee of the whole at John's pond, opposite the Grove, yesterday morning, to determine upon some plan to abate the nuisance occasioned by the stagnant water in that vicinity. All the members were present with the exception of Wm. Lauderbough. After viewing the ground and hearing the suggestions of a number of citizens who were present, it was determined to employ a civil engineer to submit plans and furnish estimates of the cost of a general system of sewage for the borough. Temporary relief will be afforded by opening a drain on Pott street to carry the water emptying into that street down Pond, and thus prevent the drainage into the pond, of which complaint was made.

—At the meeting of Burgess and Council last Monday evening, the finance committee reported a plan with estimates of cost for a proposed new engine house for Fire Co., No. 2. According to the report the building would be of brick, two stories high, 25 x 60 feet, with cellar 6½ feet deep, a 13 inch wall for 1st story and 9 inch wall for second. The estimated cost of which was $2,200. A motion authorizing the street committee to contract for and give to the lowest reponsible bidder, was lost by a vote of 6 to 4. The Treasurer reported that the duplicates of 1875 and 1876 had been settled in full. The constable, securities asked to have the taxes which had been uncollected refunded to them, and $67.40 was ordered refunded. Bills to the amount of $602.83 were passed. An application for two crossings at Lafayette and Wood streets was referred to the street committee with power to act. A petition signed by 141 taxpayers and property holders asking the borough to loan or present to the Bristol Woollen Mill Fire Brigade sufficient hose to work their apparatus more effectively in case of fire, was referred to the finance committee. A petition from a large number of the residents in the vicinity of John's pond praying that it be filled up or the nuisance otherwise abated, was presented to Council by Charles E. Scheide. On motion the Council resolved to meet at the pond on Wednesday morning to determine what action could be taken in the matter. A motion that Council appoint a water committee to interview the Bristol Water Company on the Fire Hydrant question, was postponed until the Water Company submitted a proposition for the consideration of Council.

Temperance Topics.

The clouds looked very threatening yesterday morning, and caused many to fear that the supper in the Grove for the benefit of the new temperance organization, which was announced for the evening, would be seriously interfered with, if not altogether prevented. But after raining all the morning, the weather cleared up in the afternoon, and the Grove was soon alive with busy workers making preparations for the evening's entertainment. At five o'clock about, supper was ready, and quite a number of people sat down to the long table, which, with the culinary department, was enclosed with a rope, in which there were two openings, one for entrance and the other for exit, and the watchful sentinels had all they could do before the evening was over to prevent some among the great crowd who gathered there, from entering without paying the fee demanded. There were several stands where ice cream, cake, lemonade, and other delicacies common to festivals of this kind, were dispensed, and at each place there was a great profusion of flowers, which vied in attractiveness the fair attendants, but were compelled to assume a secondary place, which they accepted gracefully, and performed their mission as cheerfully as though there had been no rivalry. The supper tables were the main points of attack, and while the band inspired the besiegers with courage and urged them on to acts of unexampled heroism, the guardians of the commissary department led by a professor and a lawyer in embryo, both wearing the insignia of the high rank to which they had attained—a white apron—were successful in repelling the assaults of the foe until the lateness of the hour put an end to the conflict, which will be continued, however, with renewed vigor this evening.

The temperance meetings were continued on Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings and concluded on Sunday evening. They were of the same character as those which preceded them. The rain on Thursday evening caused the meeting to be held in the Baptist Church, where Mr. Adams, the leader of the temperance movement in Norristown, and one or two other speakers, delivered addresses, which were as usual listened to attentively.

The weather was propitious on Friday evening, and the people once more crowded to the Grove to listen to Rev. John C. Brooks, of St. James' Church, and Mr. Simpson, of Philadelphia.

Saturday evening, Mr. Evans, of Philadelphia delivered quite a lengthy address. After which the acting Secretary of the Executive Committee read a preamble and resolutions, which were adopted, thus forming what was styled, "The Bristol Christian Temperance Union," of which Samuel Swain was elected President; Peter E. Hope Secretary; and Mrs. Thos. S. Wood, Treasurer; who, with the Board of Managers chosen, will make arrangements for the future meetings, which are to take place on Tuesday and Saturday evenings and Sunday afternoons.

Long before the sun had made up his mind to hide himself behind the western horizon, a steady stream of people could be seen on Sunday evening approaching the Grove from every direction, and by seven o'clock there was little chance for any one to get a place to set down, and by the time for the services to begin there was not standing room, except upon the outskirts of the assembly. Mr. Laverty made the speech of the evening, taking the opportunity thus offered of referring to the progress of the work which had been going on for the three weeks preceding, and urged those who had put their names to the pledge to remain faithful. He related several incidents illustrating the strength of the appetite for stimulants and how it caused the perversion of the very nature of those using them, so that even a mother's love for her child would at last yield itself to the malign influence of strong drink. He spoke of the pleasant associations connected with his visit in Bristol, and regretted that he had to leave the place where he found everybody friendly and received no unkind words, but instead, encouragement in his work everywhere. During the evening, the "Centennial Quartette," of Philadelphia, composed of four colored singers, sang several pieces in an admirable manner, and pleased the audience so well that, in despite of a request of the Rev. Mr. Conard that there should be no applause, at the conclusion of each piece the applause was deafening and was continued until the singers disappeared from the platform, when the usual good order was again restored. Previous to which, however, a vote of thanks was given to the singers, who could not but have felt complimented by the hearty response of the large audience to the request to vote. A collection taken up for the benefit of Mr. Laverty amounted, with contributions previously made, to over $100. The meeting closed about ten o'clock, and if Mr. Laverty did not become proficient in the art of shaking hands, it was not for want of practice, as nearly everybody on the grounds seemed to wish to make it as hard as possible for him to say "Good-bye."

—Next Sunday afternoon the Murphy movement will receive a new impetus by a meeting at Emilie, where Mr. W. A. Laverty and others, will speak.

The Washington Band furnished excellent music at the Grove, last evening.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—The subject of temperance is fairly before the people. The tidal wave of reform has reached even us of this place. This vital question of temperance has aroused the attention of all classes in this town. The meetings have been largely attended and exceedingly interesting. The deep undertone of feeling which has pervaded the exercises, speaks of more than excitement that would soon pass away. We hope, and think we have a well grounded hope, the fruit of the labor bestowed in this place, in this deeply interesting cause will remain, and that a blessing will rest upon it. The meetings in the grove have been particularly attractive under the care of the Executive Committee, and their able assistant, William Laverty, whose eloquent, heart touching appeals, and business tact, have induced many to sign the pledge of total abstinence. In the evening, when approaching the grove lighted up with torches, lamps and chinese lanterns, it had a beautiful, wierd appearance—the large assembly under the trees, the music of singers floating on the air, reminded us what we have read of the Covenanters in olden times, holding their meetings for worship under the forest trees, in secluded places.

"The groves were God's first temples—ere man learned
To hew the shaft and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above."

One interesting feature of the gathering was the attendance of many young mothers with their children,—they could bring all, even the very young in their arms or little carriages, and while sitting among them and seeing the earnest attention to the exercises uttered by qualified lips, in all the eloquence of truth, the intense desire to hear and be instructed, my sympathy was enlisted in their behalf. I thought of the expression, "Oh woman, great is thy need!" Great indeed is the want of opportunities of improvement to those who are kept mostly at home to attend to home duties. The meetings at the grove seemed a suitable time and place for such to attend. I have no doubt they enjoyed the opportunity of listening to the eloquence and the heart stirring appeals of the speakers. We all regret these meetings have closed—these interesting, instructive opportunities; they met the want of many hungry hearts; all classes have been glad to gather in them, and to see the good they have accomplished; many a sorrowful heart has rejoiced in help given in weakness, and the sympathy help out to them in sorrow. The speakers and earnest workers who have faithfully borne the burden and heat of the day, must be some weary, but for us who did not feel the burden resting especially upon us, but glad to sit with them and to listen to the stirring appeals, it has been great enjoyment and we hope improvement to our hearts, to have our sympathy drawn out to suffering humanity. We all want to throw in our mite for this righteous cause of temperance—total abstinence from all that intoxicates, and we all would hail the day which we hope is speeding on when we can say, "Oh thou enemy, thy destructions have come to a perpetual end."

AN INTERESTED OBSERVER OF THE WAY AND MEANS OF IMPROVEMENT.

Jottings from Yardleyville.

The body of an unknown man was found in Anderson's cut on the new road by the trackwalker early on Tuesday morning last. Evidently he had been struck by the engine of the milk night train down. The coroner was summoned, but nothing disclosed at the inquest to indicate who he was. Deceased was apparently a German, had the initials "J. B." on left forearm in India ink, good red flannel undershirt and drawers, calico shirt, and a mottled suit of clothing. His body was taken in charge by Supervisor Cook, and buried in the old stone grave yard.

Charles Comfort is building a new wagon house, sheds, &c. Alexander Neeley is building an addition to his house, and R. M. Croasdale an addition to his wagon house, designed for a shop, pork house, &c. Thus we improve. Our township can show more improvements in its buildings the past year than for the three years preceding it.

The matter of planting trees upon the Oak Grove School lot is receiving some attention, and no doubt ere long we shall hear of it being in working shape for the improvement of this desirable spot. An unsightly hole has been made lately by some persons removing sod just in the rear of the school house, which the directors or trustees should compel them to replace at once.

Before Justice Eastburn, on Friday last, James Shivlen brought an action against Joseph G. Preston, contractor (?) for the Letchworth's Avenue Canal Bridge (about which so much has been said.) Judgment for plaintiff. Defendant urges that the Commissioners are the proper parties to pay for the filling in of the abutments, &c., for which the suit was brought, and appeals.

Ex-Commissioner Heed also has a bill for services rendered in that capacity. He intends to bring an action for the recovery of the same, but against whom even the lawyers disagree.

Before Justice White on Tuesday evening, Bridget Hays was arraigned on oath of Elizabeth Hunberger, for throwing stones and various other doings not in conformity with the law in such case made and provided. The Justice dismissed the case, finding that both parties were to blame, and admonishing them that should they appear before him hereafter he will give them each a free pass for a prolonged visit to Fort Reinhart.

Mitchell & Kirkman are busy in their quarry and are shipping stone over the new road for the new Court House. About 125 car loads will be required.

Mr. L. Kessler, of Philadelphia, is operating the quarry on the railroad property formerly worked by John W. Christman. He has several hands in his employ, and the reports of the heavy blasts from this direction is welcome music for our quarrymen, some of whom have been out of employment for several months.

D. V. Teller an itinerant grain mill vendor, has disposed of several loads of his mills in this vicinity,—said by our farmers to do first-class work.

The two Lyceum conventions, and Episcopal Sunday School picnic this week, and the excursion to Ocean Grove on Monday, will give our people a chance to relieve the monotony of their home duties and cares, and rest a day from their labors.

—Mahlon Kelly's house house was entered on Sunday night last by some villian who beat him severely and apparently intended to murder him; he had retired for the night, and about eleven o'clock was aroused by some one breaking in the window with a stone. It is difficult to divine the intentions of the rascal, who was driven off by cries of murder from Mr. Kelly's sister who lives with him. Mr. K. is a quiet inoffensive man, and the affair can only be explained by a desire to plunder the house.

Morrisville Notes.

Mr. J. Robertson, baker, has removed to Trenton, and the bakery has been rented by Mr. Girton, but who has not as yet commenced baking.

During Mr. Morley's absence, Mr. Bennett, a local preacher from Trenton, occupies the pulpit in the M. E. Church.

The morning on which Co. B, 9th Re'gt, N. J. Volunteers, passed through Morrisville on their way to the Isle of Pleasure, nearly opposite Andrew Crozer's, was quite a rainy one. One wagon was laden with provisions. Peterman's band headed the procession. They camped out that day and the following one, and then returned to Trenton.

J. C. Taylor, wife and two daughters went to Ocean Grove last Friday. Mr. Taylor has returned, leaving the others to enjoy a longer time at the popular resort.

Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Mull, and son Harry, are spending a week at Atlantic City.

Henry Morris has commenced the erection of a portico to extend across the front of his house, which will, when finished, add greatly to the appearance of his property.

It was the Mite Society that purchased the carpet for the Presbyterian Church.

Phœbe Bailey, a highly respected lady, is at present quite ill.

Several in this vicinity are suffering with sore hands—some with felons, others with frogs in their hands.

Colored camp was held at Quarry Hill on Sunday.

An accident which might have resulted seriously, happened to George Peze one day this week. He and Adam Patterson were engaged in hauling straw for D. P. Stackhouse. When the load was on the wagon, George went to the back part to assist in backing it out of the barn, and the wagon and contents came back on him, and when extricated he was nearly exhausted.

—Quite a large number of people were attracted to the banks of the Delaware on Tuesday evening by the announcement of a tub race about to take place. After waiting a short time the spectators were rewarded for their patience by witnessing one tub after another paddled out to position, and when the word was given to start, Alec. Stewart, Wilfred Johnson, Curtis Fenton, William Laing, Walter Bache, C. W. Taylor, and Earnest Peirson pushed off boldly from the water works wharf en route for the wharf above. They had not proceeded far when all the tubs were upside down but three, and the progress of these was watched with great interest by all except the unfortunates who were struggling in the water with their unwieldly capsized crafts. As the three contestants neared the wharf, Johnson was ahead, Stewart next and Fenton who had pushed out into the stream to get the benefit of the current last. Now they came on the homestretch Johnson had got out of his tub to turn it around but was soon back again, and although the others had a little the start of him, he started off vigorously and looked as if he would come in victor, when he lost his balance, waved his hand a moment in the air, and the moment after made a plunge overboard, thus reducing the contestants to Fenton and Stewart. "Curt" paddled rapidly and gained on Alec, for a little while but became wearied as the latter leisurely came in the victor. Afterwards a swimming match took place participated in by the same parties, in which William Laing was victorious.

—The foreman of a jury in Texas, which lately granted a divorce to a woman, married her the same day.

THE ROD AND THE GUN.

Matters Original and Compiled Relating to Shooting, Fishing, Natural History, and the Protection of Fish and Game.

Contributions for this department should be addressed "Editor of Rod and Gun column," Bucks County Gazette, Bristol, Pa. No anonymous communications will be noticed. Names will not be published if objections be made.

—Perch are biting freely.

—Field plover are in season now.

—Blackbirds are beginning to flock.

—Brown backs and jack-snipe are showing themselves on the river.

—Some very good squirrel shooting is to be had in the woods near by.

—The wild oats on the marshes do not look as plentiful this year as formerly. A few reed birds are already feeding.

—Red-heads and canvas-backs are nesting in greater numbers than the oldest shooters have ever known. Duck shooting ought to be good this year.

—Some very fine black bass have been caught in the canal at the bridges above Bristol. The gentleman who caught them threw all the small ones back into the water as every one else should do.

—The Delaware-bay is probably the greatest resort for sea-trout along the Jersey coast. The fish is but seldom taken there exceeding two pounds in weight. It affords excellent sport to the angler during July, August and September.

—The West Jersey Game Protective Association last year distributed fifty thousand salmon fry in the rivers of New Jersey, including the Delaware. In the latter about twenty thousand were deposited. The fish were hatched at the Thompson establishment, New Hope, Bucks county.

—The Rev. Mr. Murray ("Adirondack,") is a native of Guilford, Conn., where his father dealt in oysters. He was educated by Mr. S. B. Chittenden, a wealthy merchant, who saw promise marked in the boy's face. "Adirondack" is said to know as much about horses as fishes, and owns a fine stock farm in his native place.—Ex.

—A few woodcock are about yet but the birds are evidently on the move. We saw some on Monday which were full of dandruff and pin feathers, showing that they are sick with the moult. They ought to be let alone now until fully plumed.

—Cultivate frogs, toads and lizards. Put them in your gardens, and as the evening approaches they will hop from their hiding places and snuggle down in some convenient spot near the gutter, or where they know their food will come plenty. The ants, roaches, mosquitoes, etc., they consume in a night is marvelous, and thus they keep down the insect pests.—*Scientific American.*

—David Wright, of Tullytown, was before Justice Bailey on Monday, charged with violation of the game laws by having in his possession two field plovers and a robin. The Justice imposed the fine of ten dollars for each plover and five dollars for the robin, which with the costs made the price paid for his supper $27.05.

—A white crane decoy, made of wood and painted, is recommended as a good aid to duck shooting. Place the duck decoys as usual and stand the crane near the blind. The white crane is the sentinel of the ducks, and they think that there is safety where he is. Such a decoy could be made more easily than it could be carried.

—We take off our hat to the *Forest and Stream*, New York, in acknowledgment of the compliment paid to the GAZETTE in its last issue. *The Forest and Stream* is the recognized organ of gentlemen of the rod and gun in the United States. Although but just entering upon its fifth year, it boasts a circulation of 10,000 copies; therefore its "pat on the back" is decidedly encouraging.

—Let every gunner in Bristol and vicinity organize himself into a committee of one for the protection of reed and rail birds until September 1st. There may be one or two young men loafing around town who are mean enough to go out before the season and shoot the birds while unfit to eat, but a prompt application of the penalty will cure them.

—"Idstone" says that the pointer should be modeled to a great extent after the fox-hound, but that his head should be finer, his nose square, the upper lip slightly in excess of the lower, and the corners of the mouth well flewed. The forehead should be raised, not round; it should be depressed in the centre, almost forming a ridge. There should be a well pronounced "stop" between the eyes; the ears should be thin, flexible, and silky, of moderate size, set rather far back, but lying close to the head. The nasal bone should be depressed in the centre, and should turn upward slightly.

—The following table of the duration of life in certain animals is translated from an old German work: The elephant, 150 to 200 years; camel, 50 to 60; ass, 30 to 50; horse, 20 to 30; deer, 20; bull, 30; ox (draught), 19; cow, 20; lion, 60; bear, 20; wolf, 20; dog, 25 to 28; fox, 15; sheep, 10; hog, 20; cat, 18; squirrel, 7; hare 7 to 8; goat 10. Of birds—parrot, 110; eagle 100; swan, 100; goose, 50; sparrow-hawk, 40; canary (if it breeds annually), 10; do., if it does not couple, 24; nightingale and lark, 16 to 18; peacock, 24; turkey, 14; hen, 13; quail, 6 to 8; duck, 25.

—The New Jersey law governing reed and rail shooting is a curious one. It permits the shooting of reed birds after August 15th, but prohibits rail bird shooting before September 1st. Consequently citizens of this State can cross the river and shoot reed birds under the New Jersey law, but cannot bring them home without incurring a penalty, the law in Pennsylvania expressly forbidding the "having them in possession" before the first day of September. Don't forget this.

—Shooting before the season commences is nothing more nor less than stealing. It is taking something to which all of us have an equal right at the time designated by law but to which none of us have any right before that time. The man or boy who sneaks out before the first day of September to shoot reed and rail robs you of a portion of your pleasure, and in nine cases out of ten, such fellows would be as likely to take your pocket book as your birds. We might as well make up our minds to come down flat footed on this thing and put a stop to it.

—The Germantown *Telegraph* is ahead on dog and fish stories. Here is its latest: The laziest fisherman in the United States is said to reside at Manayunk. He has trained a dog to take bass, and therefore don't worry himself with the labor of holding a rod or undergo the exertion of landing a fish. He casts his line with float attached into one of the pools below the Flat-Rock dam and attaches the other end around the fore-shoulders of his dog. As soon as the animal feels a pull it gives a spring forward and rapidly ascends the bank, at the same time uttering a sharp bark, which awakens his master in case he is sleeping in the shade of a neighboring tree. A number of fine bass, it is said, have been secured in this peculiar manner.

—The swallow, swift, and night hawk are the guardians of the atmosphere. They check the increase of insects that otherwise would overload it. Woodpeckers, creepers, and chickadees are the guardians of the trunks of trees. Warblers and fly-catchers protect the foliage. Blackbirds, crows, thrushes, and larks protect the surface of the soil. Snipe and woodcock protect the soil under the surface. Each tribe has its respective duties to perform in the economy of nature, and it is an undoubted fact that if the birds were all swept off the face of the earth, man could not live upon it; vegetation would wither and die; insects would become so numerous that no living thing could withstand their attacks. The wholesale destruction occasioned by grasshoppers, which have lately devastated the West, is undoubtedly caused by the thinning out of the birds, such as grouse, prairie hens, etc., which feed upon them. The great and inestimable service done to the farmer, gardener, and florist by the birds is only becoming known by sad experience. Spare the birds and save your fruit; the little corn and fruit taken by them is more than compensated by the quantities of noxious insects they destroy. The long-persecuted crow has been found, by actual experience, to do far more good by the vast quantities of grubs and insects he devours, than the little harm he does in the few grains of corn he pulls up. He is one of the farmer's best friends.—*Home Journal.*

—"Homo," writing from Philadelphia to the "*Chicago Field*" in reply to an inquiry referred to him by the editor, says: Mr. S. S. Pegram's letter to your estimable paper enquiring if the pinnated grouse could be successfully transplanted to the Southern States, I can, in a measure, answer.

So far as relating to southern New Jersey and lower Maryland, the grouse turned out by the West Jersey Game Protective Society and Dr. Purnell, of Berlin, Md., the results have been very flattering, full broods, showing they have bred in New Jersey—a country not at all prairie like—have been seen; and while I was on the Sinnepuxent fowl shooting last December, I learned from undoubted authority, that those let out on the neck farms by Dr. Purnell had reared broods and could be found at any time.

That region in Burlington county, N. J., known as the plains, as late as 1845, was frequented by the prairie chickens, and in Philadelphia there are old sportsmen living, uncle John Krider among the number, who have shot them there. They were plentiful once on the Pocono in Pennsylvania, and I learned from a truthful friend that a Mr. Levi Wills, of Weissport, Pa., killed a brace of unknown (to him) birds from a covey as he called it on the section only last Autumn, which, from the description given me, I strongly suspected were pinnated grouse. The prairie chickens could once be found on Long Island and were known there as the heath hen. They bred in great numbers once in upper Louisiana, but have disappeared entirely from that state.

There is no doubt the bird could be successfully transplanted to North Carolina, and from the fact that they have made sections other than prairie regions their natural home, the experiment is well worth being tried; but I am fearful the idle and pot hunting negro element of the Southern states would be a serious barrier to their increase; good laws might remedy it, however.

—Douglas Frazar gives instructions how to fish for trout as follows: "Always fish down a stream. In fishing up stream the bait is continually coming home to one's feet after every cast, and the nearer it approaches the person, the less chance for a bite. It is best to wade in the bed of the stream, as by this means one can keep the bait in the water for long distances without making a cast. Give up all idea of using artificial flies; there is usually no chance to cast them. Use a light-jointed pole, not over twelve feet in length, with delicate running gear and small compact reel; small hooks, gauged on silkworm gut. Put no lead on your lines, as it kills the artistic and natural motion of the bait. Use angle worms, and these may be much improved by being kept a few days on clean moss in an uncovered, large-mouthed bottle. In baiting the point of your hook it had better not be covered. Take a worm by the middle and pierce the hook through a small portion, say half an inch; then put on another in the same way at the same time. There is a great science in baiting, and it chiefly rests in the skill of having the worms lively, and with the extremities left dangling. When you have a bite, do not pull at all, but strike your fish, as it is called. This is done by a motion of the wrist, sharp, short, abrupt; not a jerk, a motion which is commenced sharply, but ends almost instantly and abruptly. Be in no hurry to land him; you can do it at your leisure, stepping back to a sure foundation before raising your fish gently from the water. The great mistake made by those who do not understand this sport is to pull the moment they have a bite. The result usually is to see the trout wind himself round about some limb overhead, or if he fail to be hooked, which is often the case in pulling, to see the bait and hook in the same position. Remember that trout are very shy, and once having disturbed them it is useless to fish for them."

—The diary of the Bristol Fish Commissioners was picked up in their boat after their return and gives such a full record of their trip that we lay it before our readers in advance of its publication in pamphlet form.

Monday, Aug. 6th, 4 A. M.—Breakfast being announced, we arose and found that the prince of caterers, Strong back, had a nice meal of catfish prepared which brothers Brudon and Boyd soon disposed of. Then commenced our day's labor, setting snapper hooks and catfish lines. Brother Boyd then took up the gun and went in search of woodcock but failed to find any. Upon arriving within smelling distance of camp we found that the prince was boiling a piece of "Johigh," commonly called salt pork, which we found made a very nice pot of bean soup after the vegetables were added. Stowing it away we commenced taking up our catfish lines, the result was 14, then rebaited and set them again. The next thing done was to hunt up the softest side of the farm and take a comfortable nap. At 6 P. M. supper being announced we arose and partook of a nice meal of cat fish and coffee after which Professor Brudon enlivened the evening with his melodious voice which drew around us the mosquitoes and the neighboring farmers. Retired at nine o'clock.

Tuesday, 4.30 A. M.—Breakfast being ready, arose, took gun and started after woodcock, but after hunting the grounds all over Grouse informed us that there were none about. Returned to camp and sat down to a hearty meal of very salt pork, which being disposed of we began our day's labors by taking up the snapper hooks; result, two of about ten pounds each. Rebaited and set them again. Then took up catfish lines, made very good catch and laid them away as stock. Went perch fishing and caught about ten dozen which we cleaned and salted, and upon the announcement of dinner found a new dish awaiting us in the form of snapper soup which quite refreshed us and made us no longer anxious as to the bill of fare. Then took the gun and started after yellow-legged plover and brown-back snipe of which we obtained a few and made up the bag with blackbirds, they being plenty and cheap. We then sat down to a delicious meal of fried perch. Here a sad calamity befell us, Brudon lost his appetite and could only dispose of twenty-eight good sized ones. The prince had lost all desire for them while standing over the frying pan to cook them and could only eat eighteen, and Boyd became broken down in constitution and couldn't get away with more than sixteen fish and two pint cups of coffee. After supper the Professor poured forth angelic strains of music which reverberated for miles over the romantic Delaware.

Wednesday, 3.30 A. M.—The prince announced that it was time to arise, as he expected company, so we 'ris' and took up our snapper hooks and catfish lines, catching two snappers and a fine mess of catties, after which we went to Florence for provisions and groceries and espied a sail coming skimming over the waters like a gull, at the rate of two miles an hour, bearing our expected visitors. Upon coming to an anchor, all hands made preparations for fishing that net—all except the cook, alias "Prince," who went about his accustomed duties. After making ten hauls they succeeded in catching one fish and a considerable debate took place as to whether it had not better be sent to the New York Aquarium as a rare specimen. At 11 P. M. came ashore and sat down to a bountiful supper, after which the boys prepared to retire but after getting cleverly to sleep the mosquitoes became so annoying that one half of the company had to go out and throw bricks on the roof to drive them away, and the clatter drove all hands out of their bunks.

Thursday, 5 A. M.—Heard the stentorian voice of Prince Von Strembeck, "Arise, arise, for the day breaks over Thee!" This was not taken with very good grace, for the boys were tired with their efforts at stoning away mosquitoes all night, but when they began to stretch themselves and gape, their mouths looked like the entrance to the coal mines, and we feared that our fish would speedily diminish before their hunger could be appeased. Breakfast over they prepared for a return home, and we were sorry to lose them, being as jovial a set of boys as Bristol could produce and all cold water men too. After speeding the parting guests we took the gun and soon replenished the larder with a good bag of blackbirds which made a nice stew for supper. We then sat around the camp fire smoking while the Professor commenced the evening service by performing on the bottom of the frying pan and singing of some foreign lands 'way down in Dixie, after which we retired for the night feeling sure that there would be no more brick-throwing at mosquitoes.

Friday, 4 A. M.—Breakfast announced and partaken of, the Professor sought a cool place while the rest went perch fishing and caught 18 dozen good ones. The balance of the day was spent in camp, Brother Brudon improving the occasion by singing "The day is past and gone, the evening shades appear."

Saturday, 4.30 A. M.—Breakfast, went perch fishing, caught 14 dozen. The Professor went to Bordentown to purchase some watermelons for Sunday while the rest spent the balance of the day in camp and retired at 8 P. M.

Sunday being a day of rest the only work performed was keeping off the flies which were determined not to permit the taking of a comfortable snooze. Dined on snapper soup and watermelons which we found to be a healthy dish for hot weather.

Monday. Having a good ash breeze we rowed home after partaking of our breakfast and voting it a pleasant trip.

Langhorne Notes.

Our quiet, steady-going Quaker element is giving way to a larger life and wider aims; and as strangers continue to board and then settle in our midst, with the prospect of the new Insane Asylum being built near here, giving increased labor to our people, a more extended field of usefulness is stretching out before us. But before garnering the harvest, we must sow it well with seeds of worth and industry.

Our intelligent community was stirred to its inmost depths by the "Spelling Bee" at Bellevue on Saturday last. A large audience met at the school-room at 8.30, where a class of thirty, with trembling hearts, but beaming faces, prepared to spell. Prof. Watson, one of the proprietors, was teacher, with W. W. Woodruff as judge. Philadelphia, Germantown, New York, New Jersey and Bucks county were represented. Two rounds passed by without a failure, when "salad" with an "i" was the first error, amid shouts of applause. But the class did nobly, for two hours and a half enduring a battery of words, which had done service at four "Bees" in the city during the *furore* two or more years ago. B. F. Hendrickson, of Quakertown, Pa., and Miss Lizzie Longshore, of Langhorne, were the last left on the floor. These two withstood all efforts to spell them down, until "sibyllaceous" gave the first prize to Mr. Hendrickson, of a handsome croquet set; the second to Miss Longshore, in the form of a beautiful bronze inkstand and penholder, and the third to Miss Allie Heins, of Philadelphia, a large box of stationery. Speeches were made in offering and accepting the gifts, various votes of thanks were given, music filled the room with sweet strains, and all was delightful to the listener.

A malefactor is in our midst, in the form of a dog-poisoner. Six or more have been found dead, all valued pets of their respective families.

Colored camp meeting last Sunday, with a full attendance of white brethren.

Building Association on Monday disposed of $600 at par.

A bakery has been opened at Maple avenue, the one thing needful in our community.

A son of Phineas Paxson in driving toward Oakford on Sunday, ran into a heavy trotting wagon, mashing the spokes of the front wheels of his carriage and otherwise injuring it.

The Friends' School, which has been so successfully conducted by Miss Sue Gillam, will hereafter be under the care of Miss Cassie Rice.

New and Notable.

☞ Babies are *the* institution and should be guarded from attacks of Colic, Flatulence, etc., by Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup. Price 25 cents per bottle.

☞ For gentlemen's cheap furnishing goods go to Tyler's. Next door to the Post Office.

☞ For cheap clothing go to Tyler's. Next door to the Post Office.

☞ For clothing made to order from samples, go to Tyler's. Next door to the Post Office.

☞ For cheap hats go to Tyler's. Next door to the Post Office.

☞ Dobbins' starch polish, which gives that brilliant polish peculiar to fine laundry work, is for sale in Bristol, at J. Wesley Wright's store. It costs but little to try it.

MARRIED.

VON CAIN—MATLOCK.—At Lakeview, August 8th, 1877, by L. L. White, Esq., Mr. Stephen Von Cain, of Yardleyville, to Miss Sarah Matlock, of Tullytown.

DIED.

JACKSON.—In Bristol, August 4th, 1877, Emma T., infant daughter of William and Bessie Jackson, aged three months and two weeks.

BROWN.—In Fallsington, 8th mo. 4th, 1877, Anne G., wife of John Brown of Bristol, in the 48th year of her age.

SULGER.—August 14th, 1877, at the residence of Robert Ivins, near Attleborough, Pa., Christian Sulger, aged 80 years. The relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend his funeral, on Friday, the 17th instant, at 1 o'clock, from the Methodist Church, Bristol.

New Advertisements.

Apple Grinders, Presses and Parers,
CORN HOOKS AND KNIVES, LARD PRESSES, CORN AND TRUCK BASKETS, LADDERS, SHOVELS, FORKS, &c., &c. FALL GARDEN SEEDS.
J. W. CORNELL & CO.,
Dealers in all kinds of Farming Implements and Seeds, Bulbs, Rustic Work and Flower Pots,
88 Warren Street, Trenton, N. J.

Taken up Adrift.
AUGUST 6th, 1877, A BATTEAU. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take it away.
893 JOHN HUGHES, Bloomsdale.

Borough Tax for 1877.
THE delinquent Taxpayers of Bristol Borough may still save the 5 per cent. discount by paying the amount of their tax to the Treasurer, at his office, Livingston Mills, Bristol, on or before August 17th.
894 C. W. PEIRCE, Jr., Treasurer.

The Electro-Magnetic Mallet
Is something new. Come and see it.
DR. G. W. ADAMS,
East Cor. of Radcliffe and Franklin Sts., Bristol, Pa.
889

To Let.
HOUSE No. 24, N. W. side of Wood street above Market street, in the Borough of Bristol. Apply to JAMES DAY, Holmesburg, 23d Ward, Philadelphia.
890

THE ANNUAL MEETING AND ELECTION of the INDEPENDENT MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, will be held at "Murray's", Bustleton, on MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 3d, 1877, at 2 o'clock. Polls open from 2½ to 4 o'clock.
891 LESTER COMLY, Secretary.

POMONA NURSERY. MILLIONS OF Trees and Plants. Best Strawberries 9 inches around. Ten acres Raspberries yielded $4,336. Send for Catalogue free.
40 YEARS AMONG SMALL FRUITS.—Telling What and How to Plant. Illustrated. Sent, postpaid, for 25 cents, or free to every purchaser. WILLIAM PARRY, Cinnaminson, N. J.
888

Estate Notice.
ESTATE OF CORNELIUS WHITE, late of Falls township, Bucks county, deceased. All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them, in proper order for settlement, without delay, to
EDWARD BALDERSON,
Administrator cum testamento annexo,
Morrisville P. O., Bucks County, Pa.
Or R. F. GILKESON, his Attorney.
August 16, 1877. 892.

Philadelphia.

Immediate

AND

Imperative Sale!

A SALE!
A SALE!
A SALE!
A SALE!
A SALE!
A SALE!
A SALE!
A SALE!

Our favorite plan for many years, when confined to other branches of business, was not to let a season close without selling off the stock. We shall pursue this plan with DRY GOODS, and the Ladies may expect the Best Bargains they ever had from us. During Friday night a large corps of clerks were kept busy getting out all the stock remaining and fixing the sale prices so as to be ready on

THIS ANNOUNCEMENT

TO GIVE THE

MOST ADVANTAGEOUS OPPORTUNITY

EVER OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC.

The Sale is

POSITIVE AND IMPERATIVE,

And shall close out certain of large stocks in

SEVERAL OF THE DRY GOODS SECTIONS.

It is not only that we have no place of storage at 13th and Market, (being all one floor), but because we believe THE FIRST LOSS IS THE BEST. The city people who have postponed their purchases, and the country people who have been too busy to buy, will flock to the GRAND DEPOT, when they find out the

Extremely Reduced Prices of the Great Midsummer Sale.

GRAND DEPOT DRY GOODS.

JOHN WANAMAKER,

Market and Thirteenth Streets,

PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA 200 LBS. POUDRETTE.

THE PHILADELPHIA POUDRETTE IS A Complete, Natural, Organic Manure.

The constituents of this fertilizer are produced by the soil, consumed by man, and when returned to the soil in the shape of excrements converted into poudrette, furnish the essential nourishment required by the plants. The reports we have thus far received from farmers who used the Poudrette on wheat last fall are highly satisfactory.

Twenty-five Dollars per Ton delivered in Cars at Philadelphia.

THE FOLLOWING ARE A FEW OF THE FARMERS WHO USED THE POUDRETTE ON WHEAT LAST FALL.

We, the undersigned farmers, used the Philadelphia Poudrette last fall (1876) on wheat and rye. It gave us entire satisfaction, and we believe it to be an excellent fertilizer for both summer and winter crops.

J. L. MOYER, Souderton, Montgomery Co., Pa.
W. WOODWARD, Telford, Montgomery Co., Pa.
H. C. HARTZEL, Telford, Montgomery Co., Pa.
A. B. F. COPE, Telford, Montgomery Co., Pa.
H. Y. HARTZEL, Telford, Montgomery Co., Pa.
DAN'L KRATZ, Telford, Montgomery Co., Pa.
SAMUEL ALTHENSE, Perkasie, Bucks Co., Pa.
JACOB STEELY, Perkasie, Bucks Co., Pa.
J. W. LEIDY, Telford, Montgomery Co., Pa.
A. E. GROFF, Telford, Montgomery Co., Pa.
REV. ABEL HORNING, Telford, Montgomery Co.
J. B. BEAM, Telford, Montgomery Co., Pa.
JOSIAH HARTZEL, Telford, Montgomery Co., Pa.
GEO. H. RUTH, Telford, Montgomery Co., Pa.
GEO. M. HARTZEL, Telford, Montgomery Co., Pa.
FRANCIS S. WEISEL, Telford, Montgomery Co.

FACTORY: Thirty-first Street and Gray's Ferry Road.
OFFICE: 1136 Market Street, Philadelphia.
838 H. E. LUTZ, Proprietor.

LADIES' AND GENTS'
OYSTER AND DINING ROOMS,
227 North Eighth Street, Philadelphia.
655 R. W. VERMILYA.

Z. I. Leonard's Jewelry Store,
NO. 1729 GERMANTOWN AVENUE,
PHILADELPHIA.
Repairing of Fine Clocks, Watches, Jewelry and Musical Boxes. Spectacles and Nose Glasses to suit all sights. A large stock of Clocks, at prices to suit the times. Repairing done at the shortest notice, and lower than any establishment up-town, by
667 M. K. STUART, Watchmaker and Jeweller.

IVINS & BROTHER,
Manufacturers and Dealers in
Furniture, Bedding and Feathers,
Nos. 64, 66 & 68 North Second, Near Arch Street,
PHILADELPHIA. 709

WILLIAM BLINN,
Cigar Manufacturer,
And Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Foreign and Domestic Cigars and Tobacco,
79 Warren Street, Trenton, N. J. 547

For School Books and Stationery,
GO TO
BREARLEY & STOLL'S New Store,
26 E. State Street, Trenton.
CROQUET, BASE BALLS, BATS, PICTURE FRAMES, &c. 510

Reliable House. Bottom Prices
WEST, CLARK & CASE,
Wholesale Grocers,
STOCKTON STREET, TRENTON, N. J.
615

CHAS. STAKEMAN,
The Jeweler,
NO. 19 EAST STATE STREET, TRENTON, N. J.
HAS the most complete stock of fine Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry, Diamonds, Silver Ware, Clocks, Gold and Steel Spectacles and Eye Glasses, Gold Neck, Guard and Vest Chains, Spoons, Knives, Forks and Napkin Rings, fine Solid Silver Goods made especially for bridal gifts, and a large variety of other goods generally kept in a first class Jewelry Store. Please call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.
[619] NO. 19 EAST STATE STREET.

JOHN E. THROPP. DUNCAN McKENZIE. PETER WILKES.
THROPP, McKENZIE & WILKES,
Manufacturers of
Steam Engines,
BOILERS, MILL WORK, SHAFTING,
Pulleys, Hangers, and all kinds of Pottery Machinery,
Foot of Taylor Street, Trenton, N. J. 704

NewspaperARCHIVE®

NewspaperARCHIVE®

STILL TENANTED.

BY HIRAM RICH

Old house how desolate thy life!
Nay life and death alike have fled;
Nor thrift nor any song within
Nor daily thought for daily bread

The dew is nightly on thy hearth,
Yet something sweeter to thee clings
And some who enter think they hear
The murmur of departing wings

No doubt within the chambers there —
Not by the wall nor through the gate —
Uncounted tenants come, to whom
The house is not so desolate

To them the walls are white and warm
The chimneys lure the laughing flame,
The bride and groom take happy hands
The new born baby waits a name?

Who knows what far off journeyers
At night return with winged feet,
To cool their fever in the brook,
Or haunt the meadow clover sweet?

And yet the morning mowers find
No feet print in the grass they mow
The water's clear unwritten song
Is not of things that come or go

'Tis not forsaken rooms alone
That unseen people love to tread
'Tis in the moments only when
The day's eluded cares are dead

In every home or high or low,
Some unimagined guests repair,
Who come unseen to break and bless
The bread and oil they never share

SOCIAL CLIMBING PLANTS.

The men who succeed as climbing plants are generally mediocre in mind, often poor in pocket, but they have certain talents of tact and adaptability which more gifted minds either want or despise. They have no violent dislikes or prejudices the angles of originality have been so rubbed off that friction causes no disagreeable explosions of temper, no outspoken bitterness. They excite no fears, suspicions or jealousies, for there is nothing in them that can excite anything but blank astonishment. When we see men without birth, family or fortune, of indifferent attainments and vulgar habits, rise gradually over the heads of sober learning and quiet merit, we ask ourselves, Is it only fools that command success? Not so. It is not folly, but want of self love that is the road to fortune. Men who are always riding a hobby become tedious, men of decided opinions weary us after a while, but the climbing plant lives in the serene atmosphere of petty hopes and fears in which all can share, and allows himself no decided views or independence of thought. If it is the fashion to play polo, skate or gamble, he does so, not because he cares for it, but because it is the fashion; when fashion changes, so does he, he becomes a votary of dancing, riding or music, as the case may be, but he blends with all pursuits his sublime indifference.

In order to grow tall quickly all extraneous developement must be avoided, in like manner, those who wish to rise at court must avoid all intellectual pursuits, all striving after virtue and improvement lest they should forget for one moment that favor which it is their sole aim to attain to. The great are impatient of rivalry. Where they love, no other must dare to intrude, and the exigencies of family responsibilities, wealth or position must incontinently be waived. This is, of course, easier with those who own the fewest claims on their time, and accounts frequently for the rise of obscure persons.

With all their follies climbing plants are generally goodhearted, they are rarely vindictive, for that demands some power, and with such plastic impersonal natures it is not possible to have any deep emotions. They like to be considered an authority on matters of social gossip or court etiquette, are industrious diners out and reckoned very agreeable, yet if their conversation were analyzed, it would be found to contain a grain of wit or information to every peck of rubbish. Fortunately they rarely dabble in politics, and if they do, invariably make a hash of it. Their favorite themes are the looks of such a beauty, the marriage of such of another, pleasure *in futuro*, and themselves *in extenso*. For, though we said they had no self-love, that does not exclude selfishness, for the pettier the aim the more egotistical it makes people. A man who loves himself may love wisely, may desire riches that he may benefit his poor dependents, beauty that he may please the woman he cares for, talent that he may carve his name in the world's history, but these are not ignoble wishes, they are part of the stuff of which heroes are made. Sometimes, indeed, it is necessary to prefer our own interest to that of our neighbor, were it only to keep our heads above water in the storms of life, but the climbing plant climbs to climb, and promises himself no further usefulness in his rapid career. The worst is that such prompt prosperity discourages the deserving, who remain all their lives obscure, but they must remember for their comfort that as one plant outgrows and displaces another, so the favorites of fortune are soon cast aside, while others succeed to their honors. No man, however, who has pride or a will of his own need ever aspire to the post; it will not befit him, and will be more heartbreaking than happy. Society hates moralists and censors, and anybody superior to itself, and only those who are content to swim with the tide and "coo like a sucking dove," can possibly be blessed with its smiles.

When we hear people remark somewhat angrily that they cannot think what such a one has done to deserve such and such distinction, we would fain bring to their notice that, had he deserved it, it is highly probable the favor would not have been granted. It is too much to expect to possess merit and the reward for merit also. The one ought to be satisfied with its own approbation, the other with the applause of the world.

The Carlott burgenhof Gardens, adjoining the Castle, at Potsdam, Germany, are open to the public, and contain a remarkably fine collection of roses. Of course no profane hand is permitted to pick the beautiful flowers, and the sentries have the strictest orders to arrest any transgressors of this rule. One Sunday, two young ladies were walking in the fragrant *allees*, when a sentry remarked that one of them was unrestrainedly gathering the roses. He called out "Halt!" but with no effect. A more energetic and repeated call obliged the fair flower stealers to stay their hands, and one of the criminals said quietly, "I am the daughter of the Crown Prince." For a moment the wearer of the pickelhaube seemed staggered, but seeing that the young lady looked very merry, and could scarcely refrain from laughing, he shook himself together and declared them his prisoners until they could their identity. No expostulation would avail, and the young ladies were forced to accompany the man to the castle lodge, where the porteress, fearfully alarmed, recognized the Princess Charlotte. Upon her reproaching the sentry for not knowing the princess, Hans stolidly declared that according to his instructions the members of the Crown Prince's family were always to be known by their being accompanied by a servant, and as this was not the case he naturally concluded he was being imposed upon. He then saluted, turned right about face, and disappeared.

COLD SLAW.—Get a fresh cabbage, take off the outside leaves, cut it in halves, and with a sharp knife shave it into fine strips. Beat up two eggs, add to it one gill of vinegar and water mixed, place it on the range, when it begins to thicken, stir in a piece of butter the size of a small walnut, little salt and a teaspoonful of sugar. When cold pour it over the cabbage and stir it together, and before sending to table sprinkle with a little black pepper.

TAPIOCA PUDDING WITH APPLES.—Soak over night, in milk and water a cup full and a half of Tapioca. Pare and core a dozen apples, fill the holes where the cores come out with sugar, grate nutmeg over them, and bake till done. Then sweeten the tapioca, pour it over the apples, and bake two hours. This makes one of the most delicious of deserts.

CUSTARD CAKE.—One cupful of sugar, one-half cupful butter, two and a half cupfuls flour, one egg, and the whites of two others, two and a half teaspoonfuls baking powder, and one-half cupful of water. Bake in three tins. For the *Custard*—one cupful of milk, one half cupful of sugar, the yolks of two eggs, a little corn-starch. Boil and flavor when cooling.

"Grandma, do you know why I can't see up in the sky so far?" asked Charlie, a little four-year-old. "No, my dear, why is it?" said grandma, bending her eye eager to catch and remember the wise saying of the precious little pet. "Because there is nothing in the way."

The best time for recreation, as to body or brain, is the after part of the day, when the main business of life has been attended to, thus resting the working faculties while exercising those which have been idle; thus giving occupation each day for the whole man.

"My Dear," said an affectionate wife to her husband as she looked out of the window, "do you notice how green and beautiful the grass looks on the neighboring hills?" "Well," was the unpoetic response, "what other color would you have it at this time of year?"

The wand of progress touched the auction-block of slavery, and it became a school house. . . . Whenever I have nothing but the color of my skin to give me superior rights, I know what it would be—it would be red with shame.—*R. G. Ingersoll.*

The Rev. J. S. C. Abbott, who has been for a long time very near death, feels, like, nothing so much as rejoicing. He wrote to a friend that he never was so happy as now.

Miscellaneous.

THE
Cheapest Store in Bucks County.

DRY GOODS

Ladies braided skirts, 65 cts, gents fine linen handkerchiefs, 2 for 25 cts, ladies fine linen handkerchiefs, 7 cts or four for 25 cts, skirt braid 5 cts, elegant embroidered handkerchiefs 6 cts, best spool cotton 6 cts, pins 2 cts paper, childrens linen suits, $1 50, Summer shawls 75 cts up, calico 5 cts yd, table linen, 20 and 22 cts yd. French flowers, 8, 10, 12 and 15 cts spray, elegant dress goods 8 cts yd, muslin, 5 cts up, all wool cassimeres, 50 and 75 cts, a large stock of embroidery, 5 cts yd, ladies', gents and childrens hose, 8 cts, all shades dress chintz, 7 and 8 cts yd, ladies linen suits $2 75, ladies cambric skirts 75 cts, elegant 2 button kid gloves, 50 cts, elegant black lace scarfs 30 cts yd, childrens sun bonnets, 15 cents, crash 7 and 10 cts yd, splendid striped towels, 5 cts, cheviot shirting 8 and 10 cts yd.

CLOTHING.

Splendid vests 67 cts, strong working pants, 85 cts, good working shirts 35 and 40 cts, gents linen bosom dress shirts, 5 cts, calico shirts 50 and 60 cts, boys calico shirts, 50 cts, summer under shirts, 25 cts, blue flannel shirts $1 00 and $1 10, boys blue shirts, 90 cts, overalls 35 and 40 cts, mens suspenders 10 and 15 cts, paper collars, 5, 10 and 15 cts box, gents fine stiff felt hats, 75 cts, all the style gents soft felt hats, 85 cts and $1 00, boys soft felt hats, 35 cts, mens and boys coats at auction prices. We are the sole agents for the celebrated $1 00 'Pearl' shirt the finest and cheapest white shirt in the market.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Men's working shoes, $1 00, mens plough shoes $1 35, boys stout shoes 85 cts, mens Congress gaiters, $1 35 and $1 50, mens tapped sole boots, $2 50, youth's congress gaiters $1 25, gents calf skin hand sewed calf gaiters $3 00, gents calf skin walking shoes, $1 60; mens extra heavy buckle brogans, $1 50, ladies' kid lined walking shoes, $1 00, a lot of women shoes, 45 and 65c., ladies pebble leather buttoned shoes $1 15, ladies' slippers, 65 cts, childrens shoes from 15 cts to 62 cts pair. A full and complete line of childrens misses and ladies shoes which we guarantee to sell as cheap if not cheaper than any city store.

GROCERIES.

Splendid black green or mixed tea 40 cts lb, black or green tea siftings, 25 cts lb, good Rio coffee 20, and 22 cts lb, best Rio coffee 25 and 28 cts, finest Java coffee 35 cts lb, pure spices at lowest rates, black pepper, 7 cts qr or 25 cts lb, ground nutmeg 5 cts oz, ground mace 5 cts oz, large bottles extract vanilla, 15 cts, lemon 15 cts and extract rose, 18 cts bottle, Dobbins' starch polish 10 cts box, best corn starch 11 cts, wash blue, 2 for 5 cts, stove polish 3 cts, laundry starch, 5 and 6 cts lb, blacking brushes 10 cents, gems 1 quart fruit jars $1 20 per doz, washing soap, 3 and 4 cts, London mustard, 10 cts box. Sugars always the lowest. Hams shoulders &c at lowest market price.

TINWARE.

Large sized milk pails, $2 25 per doz, large tin cups, 5 cts, ½ gal coffee pot, 20 cts, 1 gal 25 cts dinner kettles, all complete, 40 cts, 1 qt oil cans 15 cts, ½ gal oil cans 20 cts. A large and full line of Crockery at very low prices.

GLASSWARE.

Splendid glass sets 4 pieces, 35 cts set, extra fine sets 4 pieces 60 cts, tumblers, 45 and 50 cts doz, molasses cups, 20 cts. Just received a large assortment of lamps at 25 and 30 cts complete, a very large and pretty lamp, 50 cents complete. large and small covered dishes, very handsome from 35 cts to 75 cts, individual salts pretty patterns, 50 cts doz, lamp globes 5 and 6 cts, desert dishes, 15 cts doz, and every thing at the same rate of cheapness.—BUY FOR CASH.

J. H. WOOD,
58 Mill Street, Bristol.

Cor Mill and Wood Street
Wholesale Office, No 6 Strawberry St, Philadelphia.

LOOK HERE!

For Six Weeks from the 1st of June

I will take One Dozen CARTE DE VISITES PHOTOGRAPHS for TWO DOLLARS, just half price

I have also invented a new mode of lighting the face during the sitting which will give the face more roundness and clearness

Now is Your Chance for Six Weeks Only.

J. H. BOSTWICK.

Time Extended Indefinitely.

COME ON YOU THAT WANT CHEAP PICTURES,

TWO DOLLARS PER DOZEN.

Now and forever. Don't fail. The experiment is not a failure. J. H. BOSTWICK
816

JOSEPH PARKER,
DRUGGIST,
No. 63 Mill Street, Bristol,

WOULD respectfully inform the people of Bristol and vicinity that he will keep constantly on hand a well selected stock of

PURE DRUGS,
Patent Medicines,
CHEMICALS, &c.,
Fancy and Toilet Articles,
PERFUMERY,
Pure Wines and Liquors

for strictly medicinal purposes. Also a new stock of PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, GLASS, PUTTY, DYESTUFFS, &c.

☞ Physicians prescriptions carefully and accurately compounded.

Ice Cold Soda with Choice Syrups, Five Cents per glass. 831

HO! FOR THE NEW
Coal and Wood Yard,
NEAR THE HOLLOW BRIDGE,
BRISTOL, PA.

THE best quality of Coal and Wood at the lowest possible price for cash. Orders left at H. A. Bailey's store or at my residence, 45 Radcliffe Street.

Price List Coal Delivered.

STOVE COAL	$4 75
CHESTNUT COAL	4 50

Coal in Yard.

STOVE COAL	$4 50
CHESTNUT COAL	4 00

855 C. H. FENTON

THE FARMERS' FRIEND
GRAIN-DRILL!

Sows all kinds of Grain, Grass Seed, and Phosphates;

Distributing very evenly, quantity easily changed without loose wheels and is to day the best drill made.

Champion in every contest
Superior to all others.
Favorite wherever used
SEE THE FARMER'S FRIEND BEFORE YOU BUY.

For sale by
L. L. WHITE,
887 **Yardleyville, Pa.**

TREES! TREES! TREES!
Fruit, Shade, and Evergreen.

TO REDUCE OUR STOCK WE WILL SELL FOR CASH

Bartlett and Seckel Standard Pear Trees,
At $15 per One Hundred.

We would call the attention of persons wishing trees for street planting or for quick shade, to the Black Italian Poplar and Shining Leaved Willow. For quick growth and beauty of appearance these two varieties of trees cannot be excelled.

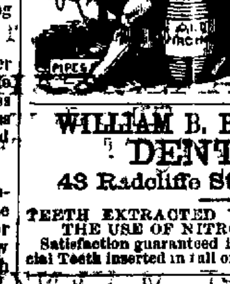
JOHN SHERWOOD & SON,
1 mile below Schenck's Station, 2½ below Bristol
775

SEWING MACHINE NOTICE.

THE NEW WHEELER & WILSON, Straight Needle, Rotary Hook, Lock Stich are adapted to all kinds of family sewing, dress making, tailoring, shirts, collars, cloaks, skirts, mantillas, hats, caps, boots and shoes, umbrellas, parasols, etc. They work equally well upon woollen cotton silk or linen goods, with silk cotton or linen thread. They will seam, quilt, gather, hem, fell, cord, braid, bind and perform every species of sewing, making a perfect stitch, alike on both sides of the article sewed.

E. M. RICH, Agent
Bath Street, Bristol

I also REPAIR all kinds of Sewing Machines at short notice. 688



McEwen & Bennett,
DEALERS IN
TOBACCO
and
CIGARS,
Newportville, Pa.,

Are now prepared to furnish all brands of Cigars wholesale and retail. 794

WILLIAM B. BAKER, M. D.,
DENTIST.
43 Radcliffe Street, Bristol.

TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN BY THE USE OF NITROUS OXIDE GAS
Satisfaction guaranteed in all operations. Artificial Teeth inserted in full or partial sets. 1074

Will Sell at a Sacrifice.

HOUSE ON RADCLIFFE STREET near Catholic Church. Very easy terms. Will trade for vacant lots or farm lands. 449
J. H. WOOD, 58 Mill Street

Bristol.

The Universal Cooking Stove!

The most perfect Gas and Smoke Consuming Stove in the market.

THIS STOVE by an entire reformation of the present mode of combustion prevents the enormous waste of unconsumed gases and smoke, which it is conceded by the scientific world is made by all Stoves on the old plan.

It produces more heat with much less fuel. It will burn hard Coal, Soft (Bituminous) Coal, or Wood. It feeds itself. It will bake all day without renewing the fire, and has many advantages over all other Cooking Stoves. Patented November 28th 1871, by C. B. GREGORY. On exhibition and for sale at

THE BRISTOL IRON FOUNDRY.

A Large Variety of Cast and Wrought Iron Fence, from $1.50 to $2.25 Per Foot, put up

STRENGTH AND BEAUTY COMBINED

Those that are inclined to patronize home industry can be suited in price and quality by calling and seeing for themselves.

BLACKSMITHS TUYERES, TYRE BENDERS, MOULD BOARDS, CELLAR GRATINGS, many other small articles on hand and for sale at low prices.

FINE CASTINGS OF ALL KINDS MADE TO ORDER

HARKINS & PRAY,
502 **Dorrance Street, Bristol, Pa.**

JOSEPH SHERMAN,
MANUFACTURER OF
SASH, DOORS, BLINDS,
SHUTTERS AND FRAMES,
Siding and Flooring,
MOULDINGS AND BRACKETS
IN EVERY VARIETY
Mill—Dorrance Street, west of Railroad,
601 **BRISTOL, PA.**

WILSON RANDALL,
CARRIAGE BUILDER.
No 20 Bath St., Bristol, Pa.
780

MRS. WILSON RANDALL'S
NEW MILLINERY STORE.
Goods of all kinds and styles,
At 22 Bath Street, Bristol.
785

E. M. McCONNELL,
AT
Hulmeville, Bucks County, Pa.,
CARRIES ON AN EXTENSIVE
Boot and Shoe Manufactory.

Orders for custom work taken and fit guaranteed. My prices are moderate and I do GOOD WORK. I have also an OYSTER AND EATING SALOON ATTACHED, where the best Stews are made. Families supplied. 574

STOP!

IT WON'T COST YOU ANYTHING TO STOP AND INSPECT THE **FINE CARRIAGES**

AT ROSE'S FACTORY,
NEWPORTVILLE, BUCKS COUNTY, PA.

Second hand Carriages taken in exchange for new ones. Repairing promptly attended to. 807

RIVER ROAD GREENHOUSES,
BURLINGTON, N. J.

L. N. ROBERTS, Florist, respectfully informs the inhabitants of Bristol that he has a large lot of FLOWERS AND BEDDING OUT PLANTS all very healthy which he will sell at the lowest prices. His collection comprises all the newest and best old varieties. The public is respectfully solicited to give him a call. The place is opposite the Bristol Water Works, on the Jersey side.
Also TOMATO, EGG PLANTS, CELERY, CABBAGE, &c., for sale in their season. 783

I. T. SMITH,
CARPET WEAVER,
No. 90 York St., Burlington, N. J.

I AM the oldest established weaver in Burlington and my work is equalled by few and surpassed by none. Rag Carpets constantly on hand and for sale wholesale and retail. Highest price given for Carpet Rags. For weaving 30, 35, 38, 40 and 45c. Woo Stripe 50, 55, 60, 65c. A good variety on hand and for sale at 50, 55, 60 and 65c. [802

DR. E. E. SMITH'S
SYRUP FOR
COUGHS,
COLDS,
CROUP.

At Stores and Druggists.
593

B. F. JOHNSON,
The Tonsorial Artist.

SHAVING, SHAMPOOING AND HAIR DRESSING DONE IN THE NEATEST MANNER.

Mr Johnson is also leader of the Newtown Excelsior String Band, which can be engaged for Balls, Concerts, Picnics &c. Address
553 BOX 81, NEWTOWN PA

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL
FOR BOTH SEXES,
At Newtown, Pa.,
R. L. GURNEE, - Principal.

Expenses for Week day Boarders $3 50 per week for Day Pupils from $2 50 to $8 per term of 10 weeks. Expenses in Music per term of 20 lessons $8, in Drawing $5, in Painting $7. 535

BOUTCHER & SIMONS,
DEALERS IN
LUMBER, COAL;
WOOD, LIME, FERTILIZERS,
West Philadelphia Drove Yard Manure And Horse Stable Manure,
Cornwell's Depot, Bucks County, Pa

BUILDING LUMBER of all kinds on hand or furnished to order. COAL of the best qualities and lowest rates. 558

"International Hotel,"
FORMERLY TAMMANY HOUSE,
North Carolina Ave. near Railroad Depot,
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

FIRST CLASS ACCOMMODATIONS FOR GUESTS AT REASONABLE RATES
820 THOMAS KEEN, JR

Swarthmore College.

TEN MILES FROM PHILADELPHIA under the care of Friends gives to both sexes alike full Classical and Scientific courses for completing which the usual degrees are conferred. Total expenses including tuition, board, washing, use of books, &c. $350 a year. NO EXTRA CHARGES. For catalogue giving full particulars as to courses of study &c. address
EDWARD H MAGILL, A. M., President
Swarthmore College, Delaware County, Pa 840

To the Sea Side.

THE "WHITE HOUSE," on Massachusetts avenue, opposite Congress Hall, Atlantic City, N. J. kept by JOS. J. GILLINGHAM, of Germantown is largely patronized by Bucks County people. Charges moderate. Write him for particulars and be sure to stop there when you go to the sea shore.
July 26th, 1877 876

Why not Insure?

FARMERS and others who neglect to insure their property against loss by fire or lightning run a great risk at this season of the year. It can be done cheaply on the cash basis by applying to FRANK ADAMS, agent of the Newtown Fire Insurance Company, for Bristol and vicinity.
7th mo 26th, 1877 877

Do You Want a Safe Investment?

TAKE your money to the Newtown Banking Company where you can get interest for it at Government rates and get the principal any day you want it. BENJ SMITH, Cashier
Newtown, 7th mo 27th 878

Covered Hams.

A VERY CHOICE BRAND warranted, at 14 cts, Dried Beef, Shoulders, Smoked Sausage, Canned Meats, and a general stock of Groceries, cheap for cash only, at Rosewood Store.
LUKENS WOOD
Newtown, Pa., 7th mo 26th 879

CAUTION.
THE
Langhorne and Hulmeville Beacon

IS the "HULMEVILLE BEACON" formerly published by William Tilton. Any other paper in the county bearing the name of "BEACON" has an unlawful title, and is infringing upon our rights.
THOMAS EASTBURN, Publisher,
June 6 848 LANGHORNE, PA

Bristol Mills.

FLOUR, FEED, LUMBER, COAL, &c.

ROGERS BROTHERS,
Successors to J. & A. Dorrance.

Flour
Fresh ground from the best of Wheat and promptly delivered to customers

Feed
of all kinds constantly on hand and ground to order.

Lumber.
Seasoned White Pine Boards and Plank of all grades, Hemlock Boards, Joist and Scantling, Lath, Pickets, Oak Posts, &c.
☞ Sawed Hemlock Fencing of the best quality.
Bills for large, long or odd sized timber cut at our

SAW MILL
at the shortest notice from selected logs and at the lowest prices

PLANING MILL.
Yellow and White Pine Flooring, Siding, &c of the different grades constantly on hand and made to order, which our facilities enable us to sell at very reasonable prices

SHINGLES
In all the varieties as to size, quality and prices so that our customers cannot fail to be suited

COAL
Of the different sizes kept dry under our sheds, well screened and free from slate and dust

WOOD
Ready Sawed for Summer use and very cheap. CEDAR RAILS lower than usual

Grain Bought
At the Bristol Mills, and the highest market price paid.
361 **ROGERS BROTHERS.**

WRIGHT & HAWKE,
No. 25 BATH STREET, BRISTOL, PA.,

DEALERS IN
COAL under cover,
well screened and picked
Building Material of all kinds,
Including LUMBER, BRICK, LIME, HAIR, SAND, CEMENT, CALCINED PLASTER, CHIMNEY TOPS &c.
Kindling Wood, dry and split ready for use
Fertilizers constantly on hand

In connection with the above established trade of Henry M Wright we have taken that of
GRAIN, FLOUR AND FEED,
And are prepared to fill all orders promptly. 787

JOSEPH S. PEIRCE,
WASHINGTON STREET, BRISTOL PA.
DEALER IN
COAL,
WOOD,
LIME,
SAND,
BRICK,
Curb & Building Stone,
TERRA COTTA PIPES,
Chimney Tops,
Garden Vases in variety

$500 Challenge.

That I will put on TIN ROOFS as cheap as any one either in Bristol, Trenton, or any Town,
FOR THE SAME QUALITY OF TIN.
TIN ROOFING done for 6½, 7, 7½, 8 and 8½ cts per foot. All work warranted. Give me one trial and if I don't do justice don't patronize me again—of course not.

STOVES, TIN WARE AND GENERAL JOBBING.
THOMAS BARNARD,
812 **16 & 18 Mill Street, Bristol.**

AT NO. 61 MILL ST., BRISTOL,
PERSONS IN WANT OF
TINWARE
of the best quality and manufacture, will find it at
C. C. DOUGLASS'
Stove & Tinware Store.

ROOFING and JOBBING done on the best of terms. 30

Philadelphia.

This cut represents the TRADE MARK that will be found upon the arm of every **GENUINE SINGER SEWING MACHINE.**
The name of "The Singer Manufacturing Company" is also printed on the top of the arm. All others not bearing this trade-mark and name are worthless imitations. Beware of them. Buy only of our regular agents. The Singer has for years been the great popular machine, and more of them are sold than of all others put together. **Last year its sales** amounted to **262,316 machines.** It was also the leading machine at the Centennial and carried off more honors than any other, having received **four awards** and a resolution of thanks from the Centennial authorities, and a scroll of honor from the ladies connected with the Women's Department of the Exhibition. The Singer, leading its competitors in everything else led them also in reducing prices by placing the machine that formerly sold for **SIXTY,** at **THIRTY DOLLARS** and making a like reduction on all other styles. Having **skilled agents only** to sell our machines, purchasers may be sure of getting proper instructions and are **guaranteed satisfaction** in every particular. Send for circular. Orders by mail promptly attended to.
857 THE SINGER MFG CO. Philadelphia Office 1106 Chestnut Street

NO MORE LAMP CHIMNEYS
THE CRYSTAL ILLUMINATOR.
Greatest Invention of the Age.
Perfect Light. No More Lamp Chimneys. No More Breakage. No More Cleaning.

The CRYSTAL ILLUMINATOR is unsurpassed for simplicity, perfection of light and cheapness.
THE great objection heretofore of coal oil lamps has been the frequent breaking of chimneys, making it a very expensive light. It has therefore employed the minds of inventors to try to abolish this evil, which has finally been accomplished by the invention of the CRYSTAL ILLUMINATOR. It gives brilliancy of light, together with perfect safety.
Complete Lamps can be applied to all gas fixtures, and the "Illuminator" to all family lamps with a saving of 200 per cent for the same light as gas. **GEO. WAGNER, General Agent, Office, 224 Callowhill Street, Philadelphia, Pa.**
Address orders by mail as above. Agents wanted. 656

HENRY EHRESMANN,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
676 **2140 North Front Street, Philadelphia.**

BLYTHE C. ANDREWS,
Merchant Tailor,
No. 110 North Fourth Street, Philadelphia. 572

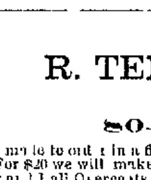
CHR. PREUGER & SON,
Merchant Tailors,
S. E. Corner Germantown Ave. and Montgomery Ave., Philadelphia.

Parties in want of neat fitting Clothing can do well by calling on this house. My facilities are greater than any Tailoring establishment up town, and prices are lower. 608

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PRINTER.
Rubber Printing Stamps

FOR MARKING CLOTHING AND BOOKS, Printing Envelopes Cards, Bill Heads &c. Rubber Dating Bank and Business Stamps of every description. Your name with Indellible Ink, box and pads sent to any address on receipt of One Dollar. Business Stamps from Two Dollars upwards. Society Stamps a specialty. Orders by mail promptly attended to.
WALSH'S IMPROVED RUBBER HAND STAMP DEPOT,
Charlotte Street corner Girard Avenue, between N. 3d and 4th Streets.
Agents wanted [644] PHILADELPHIA

GOTTFRIED BUCHMANN,
LADIES' AND GENTS'
BOOTS AND SHOES,
627 North Eighth Street, above Green, Philadelphia.
REPAIRING NEATLY AND PROMPTLY DONE.
All kinds of fine Shoes made to order at reasonable prices. 403



CHRISTIAN SCHWANEBERG;
Boot and Shoe Manufacturer,
Retail Store, 341 N. Second St. & 622 Girard Ave., Philada.,

Takes pleasure in informing the public that he has a large stock of
BOOTS AND SHOES
Of his own manufacture, and of superior quality which he will sell **LOW FOR CASH,** and cheaper than the same class of goods can be obtained at any other house.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL 549

LOOK!
R. TEMPLEMAN, Merchant Tailor,
(FORMERLY CASTORS),
804 Vine Street, Philadelphia.

Pants made to order in a first class style from $4 to $8 worth $6 to $12. Good Suits of Plain Cassimere, $17. For $20 we will make a Suit to order which cannot be bought ready made for that money. Good Spring and Fall Overcoats $17 to $25. All work done in a first class manner and a perfect fit guaranteed. Our prices are far below that of ready made work. 660

A. T. GERIKE,
Wholesale and Retail
Brush Manufacturer,
NO. 321 VINE STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
Also Dealer in Oil Cloths, Wood, Willow and Tin Ware and General House Furnishing Goods. 646

HENRY GRAFFELDER,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
Table Manufacturer,
1111 NORTH THIRD STREET, BELOW GIRARD AVENUE, PHILADELPHIA.
All kinds of Furniture Repaired and Varnished. 628

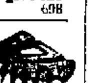
J. M. SCHWEHM,
PRACTICAL CABINET MAKER,
DEALER IN FURNITURE OF ALL KINDS,
No. 2038 Germantown Avenue, above Norris Street, Philadelphia.
UPHOLSTERING, REPAIRING AND VARNISHING, done at shortest notice. 616

C. F. STEINBACH,
Photographer,
834 North Second Street, below Poplar Street, Philadelphia.
PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO COPYING
I respectfully ask the readers of this paper to give me a call before going elsewhere —all I ask is a trial. 691

WALN, WHITEMAN & CARPENTER,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
Foreign and Domestic Cigars,
LEAF TOBACCO OF ALL KINDS.
NO. 210 MARKET STREET, PHILADELPHIA 614

B. SMITH,
FURNITURE UPHOLSTERED, REPAIRED, VARNISHED,
AND OILED,
Chairs Re-Caned,
No. 209 Diamond Street, Corner Philip Street, Philadelphia.
All country orders promptly attended to.
Always on hand, a stock of Ladies and Childrens ROCKING CHAIRS, very cheap. Please give me a call. 698

DR. J. ENTRIKEN,



276 East Cumberland St., Philadelphia.
A BEAUTIFUL SET OF TEETH, from $5 to $8 Per Set, Guaranteed.
Impression in the morning, teeth in the afternoon. Gas 50 cents per tooth.
OLD SETS REPAIRED EQUAL TO NEW
276 East Cumberland Street, half square from 5th and 6th St. Depot. 51

WILLIAM J. HEISS, JACKSON HEISS, ESTABLISHED 1854 GILBERT W. HAWK, DAVID G. SCHOENLY, HENRY F. PATTERSON
W. J. HEISS BRO. & CO.,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
Girard Avenue and Front Street, Philadelphia.
FLOUR A SPECIALTY. 641

PHILADELPHIA CHAIN WORKS,
North-East Corner Hancock and Putnam Sts.,
PHILADELPHIA.
PETER WALZER, - - - - - - - - PROPRIETOR.
Manufacturer of all kinds of CHAINS
FOR SUGAR MILLS, MACHINERY, WAGON, HARNESS AND RAILROAD USE. 414

A VERY LARGE STOCK OF
Window Glass, Paint, Oil and Varnish Store,
JUST OPENED AT
No. 1752 North Eleventh Street,
(Between Columbia and Montgomery Avenues,) PHILADELPHIA

THE undersigned would respectfully inform the public that he has opened at the above place a New Store for the sale of Window Glass of all sizes and qualities. Paints of all kinds, mixed and unmixed. Oils, Varnish, Turpentine and Putty. He would invite the attention of Builders and all others to his stock. By buying and selling for cash he is enabled to offer all articles in his line at the reduced rates of the times. Don't forget the place—1752 North Eleventh Street.
563 **G. W. REYNOLDS.**

SPECIAL NOTICE TO BUTCHERS!
TO OUR
DRAW-CUT SAUSAGE CHOPPERS, SAUSAGE STUFFERS.
MANUFACTURED BY THE MURRAY IRON WORKS, BURLINGTON, IOWA.

JAMES JOHNSON, of Mount Holly, New Jersey, says: "I have used the No 2 Chopper for two seasons. I have cut 25,000 lbs of meat for myself, and 5,000 lbs for other people. I think it does more than claimed in the circular, and if I could not get another like it, no money could buy it. Your Stuffer is perfection." **ISRAEL S. WILLIAMS, Agent for these Machines,**
648 **213 Market Street, Philadelphia.**

MRS. WILLIAM E. CROLIUS,
DEALER IN
Cigars, Cigarettes, and all kinds of Confectionery,
MEALS AT ALL HOURS, OYSTERS IN EVERY STYLE.
BERKS STREET,
978 **OPPOSITE NORTH PENNSYLVANIA DEPOT, PHILADELPHIA.**

Bristol.

THE
AMERICAN
SEWING MACHINE
IS THE
SIMPLEST,
MOST DURABLE,
AND
BEST SEWING MACHINE
IN THE WORLD

MORTON A. WALMSLEY, Agent,
Corner Mill and Radcliffe Sts,
BRISTOL, PA.
SEWING MACHINE NEEDLES of all kinds constantly on hand 801

NEW
MARBLE YARD.

WILLIAM DAVIS,
Marble Cutter.
Having leased the lot at corner of
Market and Cedar Streets,
BRISTOL,

Is prepared to furnish all kinds of Marble Work, ELABORATE, SIMPLE or MASSIVE. Cemetery Lots Enclosed in every style.

MONUMENTS AND HEADSTONES

As cheap as can be done elsewhere.

☞ Give me a call, get my prices and look at my work before purchasing elsewhere. 780

MITCHELL & KIRKMAN,

MARBLE
and
Brown Stone
CUTTERS,
Foot of Mill Street, Bristol, Pa.
MONUMENTS, HEADSTONES and STONE CUTTING, in all its branches.
CEMETERY LOTS ENCLOSED &c. &c. 773

Groceries & Provisions.
A Child can Buy as Cheap as a Man

GEORGE O. GILLINGHAM,
At the Old Established
Grocery, Provision & Notion Store,
Dorrance St., bet. Wood & Pond Sts,

Respectfully informs his friends that he still lives and is prepared to furnish his customers with good Groceries and Provisions which in quality and price will compare favorably with anything in the market. Also a good assortment of Notions. Also on hand FRUITS AND VEGETABLES in their season. 11

GEORGE S. STONE & SON,
BRISTOL, PA
(Formerly of Philadelphia)
PLUMBERS,
STEAM & GAS PIPE FITTERS.
Also, Dealer in Steam Heating Apparatus, Hydraulic Rams, Lift and Force Pumps of all kinds

☞ Repair work solicited

For the present orders left at the Post corner of Wood and Lafayette streets or at the office of Livingston Mills, will receive prompt attention.
Reference C. W. & J. Peirce 681

ARTHUR T. COLLINS,
(SUCCESSOR TO HEPWORTH & COLLINS)
Foot of Market Street,
BRISTOL, PA.,
PLUMBER,
Steam and Gas Fitter,
Lead and Iron Pipes, Pumps, Gas Fixtures, Hydraulic Rams,

And all material connected with the trade at lowest market prices.
Parties will do well to give me a call before purchasing elsewhere. All work guaranteed. 492

KEEP COOL!

LEWIS PATTERSON & SON
ARE NOW PREPARED TO FURNISH THE CITIZENS OF BRISTOL WITH NICE
CLEAR ICE,
AT PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES

Delivered at their residences or stores every morning.
Orders may be sent through the Post Office and will receive prompt attention. 812

MEAT! MEAT!

MILTON WEBSTER,
AT THE
Corner Mill and Cedar Streets,
BRISTOL, PA.,

KEEPS always on hand a large supply of FRESH BEEF, VEAL, MUTTON &c. Also Smoked Hams, Bologna Sausage, Smoked Shoulders, and Prepared Meats of all kinds.
☞ Special inducements given cash customers. 28

New Meat Shop,
Walnut St., bet. Cedar and Wood,
BRISTOL, PA.

D. G. MICHENER & SON,

KEEP constantly on hand all kinds of Fresh and Salt Meats, Vegetables &c. at lowest rates for cash. We respectfully solicit a share of patronage from the citizens of Bristol and vicinity and our old customers generally and by close attention to business hope to please. 830

New Tin Store—Up Town.
ROBERT WARDEN,
Corner of Penn and Wood Streets,
BRISTOL, PA.

TIN ROOFING AND SPOUTING. A general assortment of Tin Ware, Hollow Ware and Kitchen Utensils always on hand. Jobbing of all descriptions promptly attended to. Prices to suit the times. 854

At J. Milnor's Store,
Corner of Wood and Washington Streets,
BRISTOL, PA.,
Can always be found a full line of
Fine Groceries and Provisions,
consisting in part of
DRIED BEEF, PREPARED HAM, BUTTER, LARD, TEAS and COFFEE,
And in fact, everything in the Grocery Line

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD,
Bread, Pie and Fancy Cake BAKER,
Foot of Bath Street, near Canal Bridge
BRISTOL, PA.

BALLS, Parties, Fairs and Festivals, furnished with ICE CREAM and FANCY CAKES at short notice and on reasonable terms. WEDDING CAKES baked and iced to order. 981

DR. GRIFFITH,
Homœpathic Physician,
IN THE OFFICE OF E. G. HARRISON MILL STREET, BRISTOL PA
786

A. K. HOFF'S
BREAD, PIE AND FANCY CAKE BAKERY,
NO. 38 MILL STREET,
Second door above Cedar, BRISTOL, PA
☞ All orders thankfully received and promptly attended to. 389

Miscellaneous.

Which Plan is the Best?
THE COMMERCIAL
Insurance Company
INSURES DWELLING HOUSES, STORES,
&c., &c.,
(No hazardous risks taken.)
ON EITHER MUTUAL OR STOCK PLANS.

In the Mutual Plan the fees are fixed at a rate that will meet all expenses and the average loss by fire. The policies being liable to assessment in case of extra losses.

The Stock Plan is upon the usual rates of Stock Companies, with no liability for assessment.

Full particulars given. Apply at office

No. 44 Mill Street,
BRISTOL, PA.
JAMES M. SLACK, PRESIDENT
E. G. HARRISON SECRETARY 740

MEDICAL

The following are a few more of the many unsolicited certificates testifying to the efficacy as a curative agent of Dr James Williams' Anti-Dyspeptic Elixir

E. G. Williams, Esq.

DEAR SIR. I have been so much benefited by the use of "Dr Williams Anti Dyspeptic Elixir" that I am anxious other sufferers from dyspepsia may learn what a certain and valuable remedy this Elixir is. I suffered a long time all the miseries of dyspepsia. I had recourse to all the preparations for its cure without any relief and I abandoned all hope of ever being better, when at the height of my despair I was induced to use Dr Williams' Elixir. I did so and I can cheerfully testify to its wonderful efficacy. Though the cure was gradual, it was certainly very efficacious. It is now twenty years since I was cured, and I have not suffered from an attack of dyspepsia since. So convinced am I of the very great merits of the Elixir for the cure of the worst kind of dyspepsia that I have urged a number of my friends similarly afflicted as myself to use the Elixir, which they have done and by which they have been equally benefited.

Respectfully yours, &c., J. N. PRICE,
N. W. corner Twelfth and Cherry streets
PHILADELPHIA, Nov 21 1876

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 20, 1876.

Dr. James Williams

DEAR SIR. Deeming it a duty to you and the public, I take great pleasure in giving you the following facts. About ten years ago I was suffering terribly from that fearful disease dyspepsia. I took several medicines recommended for the cure of dyspepsia but without effect. I was finally prevailed upon by Mr. Jos. N. Price of this city to take your "Anti Dyspeptic Elixir," which I did and can safely say it was the only medicine of the many I took that gave me relief and have since been perfectly free from dyspepsia or indigestion. I am never without a bottle of the "Elixir" in the house and I would not be, as I find it the best alternative medicine I can get, and I freely say to all sufferers try it. Hoping this will prove of any use to you, use it. Respectfully yours &c.

ISAAC LEDERMAN, Carpenter and Builder
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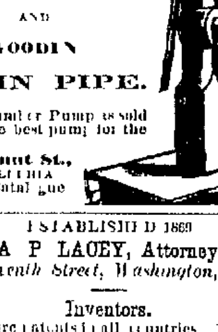

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